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1891

THE ANGELUS."

THE



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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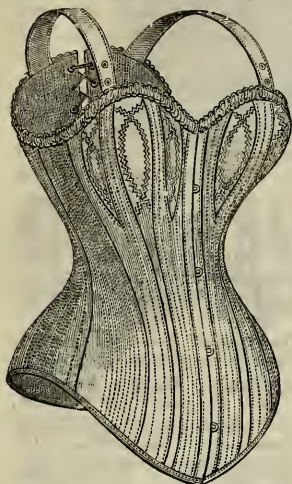
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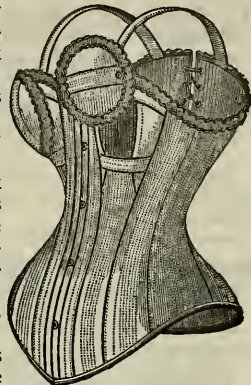
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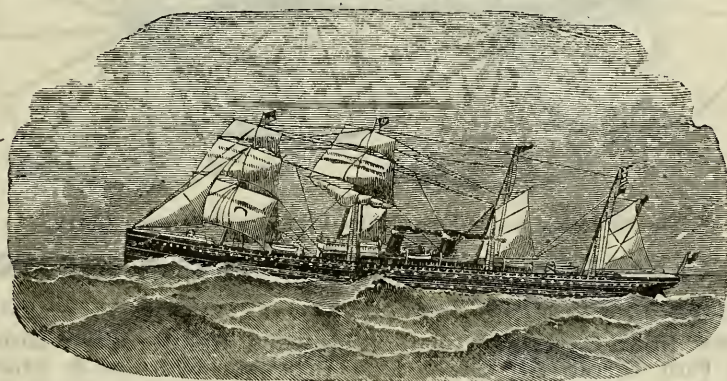
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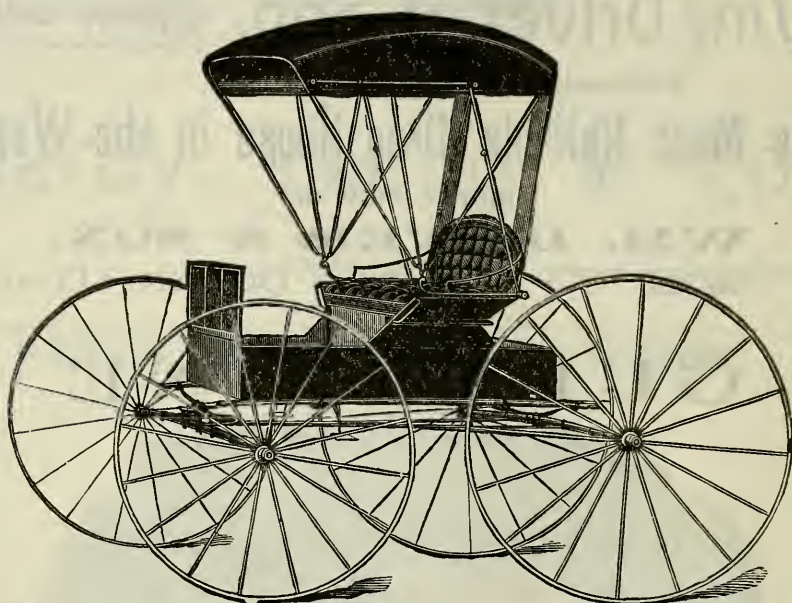
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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1891.

No. 5.

"THE ANGELUS."

FOR over a year there has been in the possession of the American Art Association, a painting that has created a great sensation among artistic circles, and won for the artist an immortal crown of laurels. It became the property of this association only through persistent efforts to obtain possession of it. Purchased at the auction sale of an almost priceless collection of a French contractor and speculator, for the sum of five hundred and fifty-three thousand francs, which the state charges and cost of sale raised to five hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and fifty francs, it was carried in triumph across the sea to America, and has been exhibited in several leading cities of the United States. But the French government, realizing what had been its loss by allowing this masterpiece to slip from its hands, recently purchased it of the American Art Association for seven hundred thousand francs, and it is now on its way back to Paris.

The picture is known as "The Angelus," painted by Jean François Millet, one of the greatest artists of his time, who, however, little realized, as he sat wearily at work before his easel, in a little cottage at Brabizon, developing this idea upon canvas, nor when completed he sold it for but three hundred francs, what great honors and fame the painting was in time to bring to his name. How cruel and shy of so many men of genius fortune has been, and ever will be! They make lifelong sacrifices of themselves to their pursuits, and seldom realize success until old age or infirmity has carried them beyond the appreciation of it, or they have passed that "mysterious bourne whence no traveler returns."

The picture, an illustration of French peasant life, is at once true to nature and suggestive of thought. In the foreground are the figures of a man and a woman, who have evidently been at work on the surrounding rough potato field, he turning the earth from the potatoes with his fork, she gathering them into the basket which stands half full beside her. They are represented as having just dropped their work at the ringing of the evening Angelus bell, that summons one and all to set aside every other occupation, for a sufficient length of time, to recite the short form of prayer called the "Angelus Domini." The man has left his fork thrust into the ground, the woman has arisen from her task, and they both stand with bent heads, wrapt in humble devotion. Far back across the field, through the gathering twilight, we see dimly the little village church spire, whence we suppose the pealing of the bells to sound. Thus, looking from one object to another, with careful attention, an explanation of the picture gradually unfolds itself to us.

The custom of ringing the Angelus has existed ever since the time of the early Christians, and is said to have originated with the ringing of bells on the eve of festivals. It was in the year one thousand three hundred and twenty-seven that Pope John the XXII. ordered that, at the ringing of the bells on these occasions, all the faithful should recite their "*Ave Marias*." In the year one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight it became the custom to ring the Angelus at sunrise, through the order of the council of Lavar. It is more uncertain as to the origination of the noon Angelus, but it has been attributed by some to Pope

Calixtus the III., in the year one thousand four hundred and fifty-six, and by others to King Louis the XI. in the year one thousand four hundred and seventy-two.

Maillon, the learned historian of the Benedictine order, thinks that the Angelus, as now practiced, is of French origin, and that it became general at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is at present practiced by the Roman Catholics, and at the ringing of the bells three times daily, in commemoration of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary by the Angel Gabriel, of the incarnation of the Son of God, a devotional prayer is recited. It consists of three scriptural texts describing the mystery, recited alternately with the angelic salutation, "Hail, Mary. The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary and she conceived by the Holy Ghost. Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen." Mary replies: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to thy word. Ave Maria! The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. Ave Maria! Pray for us, oh, Holy Mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ. Pour forth, we beseech thee, O Lord, Thy grace into our hearts that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ, Thy son, was made known by the visit of an angel, may by His passion and cross, be brought to the glory of His resurrection, through the same Christ our Lord."

This short history will serve to throw a light upon the subject of Millet's painting, which otherwise might not be clearly understood by one and all.

The picture is an expression of the custom and sentiments attending the sweet and solemn ringing of the Angelus, and seems to lack nothing toward the complete reproduction of both. Does not the very spirit of prayer seem to pervade the picture? Is there not the very feeling of life and history in every line of it—the low-toned back-ground, the village spire,

the rough field, and the rough figures in the foreground? Their surroundings bespeak hard and wearisome labor, and our sympathies are aroused as we contemplate them, stiff with bending over their tasks, hot, tired and perspiring, when across the field comes stealing the soft and soothing tones of the bell, that carry with them, to these poor laborers, hope, and the comforting assurance of night-fall and rest, cooling their dulled and heated senses, and filling them with gladness.

The atmospheric effect is so wonderfully natural that we almost imagine that we can step right into the picture and listen with those devout peasants to the pealing of the Angelus. It has the stamp of bold originality, predominant in all of Millet's work, and this quality, for which his work is now so highly prized, was the very thing which at first rendered it unpopular, and made his path to success so hard and thorny. The classical school of art had no sympathy with his work, and was slow to recognize his genius. But this was only temporary; talent such as he possessed, could not long remain in obscurity, and in time he became acknowledged as one of the greatest artists of his age. To him and his contemporaries is acceded the honor of having founded a new school of art, so different was their style from that of the stiff conventionality of the classical school.

Millet was born in the little village of Gruchy, lying in the depths of a valley that opens upon the sea of the savage Norman coast. He came of a strong and hardy race, that had for generations earned their bread by severe and trying manual labor, and he himself was a sturdy child, accustomed to rough and robust ways. Born and bred among peasants, it can easily be imagined under what difficulties he obtained the education necessary to the career of an artist. However, his father happened to be a man of fair intelligence, noticed in his son artistic tendencies, and gave him every possible encouragement that his limited means would allow, while the boy himself was not slow to take advantage of every opportunity in this line, that pre-

sented itself. But up to his eighteenth year, young Millet had received no artistic instructions whatever. When he had attained that age, his father sent him to Cherbourg, to study under Mouchel, who at once recognized the boy's genius. After his career as an artist was once begun, there was but one interval during which he set aside, entirely, his artistic efforts, and it was at the death of his father, two years later. At this time he sacrificed himself and his pursuits to the maintenance of his family, which was left entirely without a head, and he considered it his duty to endeavor to fill the position. But matters in time being adjusted, he returned to his chosen labors with renewed vigor, studying under Langlois, at Cherbourg, when he also derived a great deal of benefit reading in Latin and French, from whence he was sent by the civic authorities, being voted a small annual allowance, to study art in Paris.

He there entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, finding among his fellow students such men as Couture, Edouard Frère, Adolph Yvon, Feyen-Perrin, who like himself were destined to leave a permanent impression on French art. In this studio he found but little that appealed to his sympathies. His own painting, so original, and one might say, full of the breath of life, his fellow pupils could not understand; even Delaroche himself was puzzled over this young peasant, whose education seemed so incompatible with his circumstances.

Meanwhile, the income voted him by the Cherbourg authorities, being hardly sufficient to maintain him, however plainly he lived, Millet was obliged to take in any and every little job that he could secure, and even then lived very meagerly. But he bravely stuck to his work through the severest trials, with a determination deserving of success. In the year eighteen hundred and forty he made his first attempt to exhibit his work at the Salon, and of the two studies he submitted, one was rejected, the other hung, but unnoticed. In eighteen hundred and forty-two he tried once more, but this time both studies presented were rejected. Two years later he met with

better luck, successfully placing within the Salon several of his paintings, which there and then, first won for him the attention of the critical public.

Adversity followed him again, however, until, having left Paris and in his wandering happening upon Havre, he found sufficient work to keep him busy for the time being. In fact his painting became popular in this city, and by his strong, characteristic work he created almost a furore.

But not content with his good fortune here, he turned once more toward Paris, for the conquering of Paris meant to him the conquering of the artistic world. Arriving there, he entered upon a career of privation and misery. He painted, at this time, the "Temptation of St. Jerome," which the Salon refused in the year eighteen hundred and forty-six, and the next year successfully placed therein his "Edipus Detached from the Tree," but without financial gain. In eighteen hundred and forty-eight, "Le Vanneur," and the "Captivity of the Jews," were accepted.

But once more disheartened with a life of poverty in Paris, he left it and went to dwell in the little village of Brabizon, where, amidst the pleasant quiet of the country, he accomplished his best work. He seemed here to be in his element, and painted with vigor and interest, rustic scenes taken from the daily life of the peasants. These, though well executed, brought but little remunerative recompense. He exhibited three peasant pictures at the Salon in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and in eighteen hundred and fifty, "The Sower," and "The Sheaf Binders," the former of which made a great impression amongst the progressive school of artists. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two, his "Haymakers," a "Shepherd" and the "Sheepshearers," were received, and in eighteen hundred and fifty-three his "Ruth and Boaz" won for him a second-class medal. This picture, as many others of his paintings had been, was purchased by an American. In fact, the patronage of the Americans was, a material aid to him.

Rousseau, a dear friend and fellow artist to Millet, although at this time himself struggling for recognition, bought several of his paintings for a much larger sum of money than the public would have paid him.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-three some amateur began to make a collection of his drawings, a fact somewhat encouraging to Millet, besides which he received a commission from M. Letrone, to the extent of several thousand francs.

About this time he commenced the painting of "The Angelus," the picture that was destined to be the crowning piece of all his work. The idea, suggested by the evening Angelus, at the close of one warm and quiet day, when he was passing a little village church, so filled his mind that it inevitably found expression through the means of his artistic execution. Slowly and thoughtfully he commenced to transfer this idea to a canvas; slowly his subject grew and developed under his skilful hand. And upon his canvas he wrought not only objects and figures, but also the feelings and sentiments that flooded his own soul, at the ringing of the Angelus, and caused him to thus express himself. It is not merely the two peasants, standing with bowed heads, repeating the *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria*, that constitutes the leading feature of the picture, but the spirit of deep devotion that seems to pervade the very atmosphere, and inspires all beholders with awe, knowing that at the ringing of the bell of that distant village church, one and all are called upon to drop whatever occupies them, and turn their thoughts to that which the ringing of the Angelus commemorates. Never before, or after, did any work of Millet's equal in harmony of touch and color, nor in strict adherence to nature; this one—a fact universally acknowledged among art connoisseurs. By the presentation of this painting to the world, he was to thoroughly awaken it to the depths of his genius and talent, and to an almost new conception of art.

While "The Angelus" was in process, he presented other paintings to the Salon,

making some successes and some failures, which kept him in a constant state of anxiety, until a friend and patron offered him, for all the work he could do in a year, twelve thousand francs. Some of his works of this period were displayed at the Brussels exhibition, and attracted considerable notice.

In the Salon of eighteen hundred and sixty-three his "Peasant Leaning on a Hoe," caused a very war among the critics; and later he won a medal by his "Shepherdess."

But it was at the Universal Exposition, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, that "The Angelus" first appeared before the public, when a number of his paintings, headed by this one, were placed on exhibition. This display won him more attention than he had ever been the recipient of before. His works were now beginning to receive their due appreciation. Leaders in the artistic world turned their attention to Millet, and extended their hands to help him. The Administrator of Fine Art, at this time, made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in eighteen hundred and seventy his name was sixth on the list of jurors for the coming exposition.

When his genius was thus commencing to find recognition, he was approaching a stage of life in which he was unable to enjoy to the fullest extent, his successes. His health was beginning to fail. A series of misfortunes, caused by disasters of the Franco-Prussian war and by his departing health, prevented him from executing several valuable commissions. He was fast declining. He did not suffer long, for quitting his work in the fall of the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four, this wonderful artist, who had done so much toward revolutionizing French art, died at six o'clock in the morning of the twentieth of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-five. But his memory and works still lived, and were destined to render his name more famous than he, even in his wildest dreams, had ever hoped it would become. Through all his hardships and sufferings what a full compensation it would have been to him to be able to look forward to

the rich harvest his works were to reap, particularly his great masterpiece, "The Angelus!" But like some of his contemporaries, his bold originality was doomed to meet with a most discouragingly cold reception by those accustomed to the classical school of art, until their eyes and understandings should be opened and they should learn to sympathize with him. The first public appearance of "The Angelus," after the death of its author, was at the sale of Mr. John W. Wilson's collection, at his hotel in the Avenue Hoche, in March, eighteen hundred and eighty-one. It was valued, at this sale, at one hundred and thirty thousand francs.

There were in Paris, at this time, but two collectors capable of contending for a masterpiece of such value. They were Messieurs Dofier and Secretan, both extremely wealthy men. It was M. Secretan who was fortunate enough to become its possessor, at the cost of one hundred and sixty thousand francs.

For eight years it remained the gem of his collection, the central jewel of a crown of honor to the possessor, among other masterpieces and precious artistic objects of great rarity, which he had gathered together. In fact, this collection was one of the most splendid ever brought together by a single individual. But in time, M. Secretan, meeting with reverses of fortune, was compelled to allow a sale of these paintings. For several months before its time, this sale aroused great interest among artistic circles all over the intelligent world, while in Paris almost a feverish excitement prevailed. The magnificent quality of the collection, the colossal outlay of money which its accumulation represented, were factors in arousing the enthusiasm of connoisseurs, and in exciting the material interest of the larger general public.

The French people were greatly opposed to the dispersement of a collection displaying such value and taste, and strenuously objected to its sale. However, the sale proceeded. After some little discussion the Galerie Sédelmeyer was chosen as the scene upon which this

should take place, also where the pictures should be exhibited. In one gallery appeared examples of the old masters and their contemporaries; in another were shown the pictures of the French school of the last century; and in still another the modern pictures were arranged, with "The Angelus" in the place of honor, on an independent stand.

"The Angelus" received its due amount of attention. The stranger visited it as a shrine, recognizing in it an expression of the noblest and most elevated religious sentiments. The Frenchman visited it with even deeper feelings and emotions. It was the crowning work of their great master, a monument of national pride. It was the expression of French life and thought, and no tribute was too great to lay before it. Frenchmen, gazing upon it, almost experienced the depth of feeling in which the artist had painted it, thrilling their souls and quickening their pulses, so thoroughly did it appeal to their sympathies.

When the day of the auction arrived, the excitement and enthusiasm of the public had reached a tension only to be excelled by the moment of sale for the central picture of the collection. In the auction hall were gathered lovers of art, it seemed, from every part of the globe, representatives of wealth and nobility, collectors and buyers of pictures. The audience was indeed large and diversified. All was silence when M. Paul Chevallier opened the sale with the three strokes of his ivory gavel. The terms of sale were declared, and number by number the pictures were brought forth for the contest. Lively at the first and becoming more so, as the sale proceeded, the climax was not reached until, amidst the utmost heat and excitement, the auctioneer announced, "We will now sell number sixty-three of the catalogue, 'The Angelus,' by Millet. What am I bid?" One hundred thousand francs was offered, but it created such an uproar of disapproval that the announcement was made that no bid of less than three hundred thousand francs could be considered. A double bid of this sum immediately followed. Then the repre-

sentative of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington made it one hundred thousand francs more. Then came a bid in behalf of M. Antonin Proust, the French Minister of Fine Arts, adding to this sum fifty thousand francs, and M. Montaignac, one of the representatives of the American Art Association, of New York, increased the bid to half a million francs.

The contest amongst these three proceeded hot and fast, until the superb offer of five hundred and fifty-three thousand francs conceded "The Angelus" to M. Proust. The nation seemed determined to possess the masterpiece of its great master at any cost.

There was intense joy and enthusiasm amongst the French over the manner in which the sale had terminated. But it was destined to be short-lived, for the state did not stand ready to ratify the purchase made by its representative. At this point Mr. Sutton stepped in, and in behalf of the American Art Association, offered to take over "The Angelus" at the price it had been adjudicated to him. This proposition was accepted by M. Proust, and the painting thus found its way to the shores of America.

"The Angelus" found among the people of the United States, almost, if not quite as much appreciation and warm responsiveness, as it found in France, be it said to their credit; and many, looking upon the wonderful painting, so still and so living, stop and listen, exclaiming as did Sensier as he watched, over Millet's shoulder, the artist put the finishing touches to his work, "It is the Angelus," and in Millet's own words it seems to respond, "It is indeed. You can hear the bells."

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*" We hear the words murmured soft and lowly by the two French peasants, who stand, hands devoutly clasped, and eyes resting humbly on the ground.

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Maria!*" Those immortal words sounding adown the echoing halls of generations of the future, will not fail to awaken recollections of one whose name is emblazoned indelibly upon the escutcheon of fame, and after those words of prayer will sound this name—a name which will always be remembered by lovers of art, and it will be that of Jean François Millet!
G. L. B.

DESPONDENT!

Hungry for sympathy! There's desolation,
Though earth blooms in verdure and blue is
the sky;

Hungry indeed, without anticipation
Of food to the heart, which is shriveled and
dry.

Hungry for love! This is famine—starvation,
More fearful than hunger for bread, by the
way;

Ah, life is a fraud, if it bring not salvation
By welcome of love, and its life-giving ray!

Hungry! Though tables may groan by collation
Of dainties, as culled from a nation's full store;
Though guests may partake on such festive
occasion,

And appetite deem it a feast *conamore!*

'Tis vanity, nay, is it not a vexation,
A banquet of earth, all of heaven left out;
Insipid and tasteless, devoid of sensation,
Where loneliness reigns amid revel and rout?

Great Heaven, protect from so sad situation,
Preserve from this hunger, give love in the heart;
And from reciprocity all exaltation,
Shall come from that food, Love doth ever
impart!

It were better to die, than to meet degradation,
And, hungry for love, find a desolate grave;
Unwept and unmissed, as devoid of relation,
To close the dull eye, and the death damp to
lave!

No mortal can live, they exist, 'tis probation,
Save heart beats to heart with its musical ring.
E'en the Gods cannot give that which man
calls salvation,

If love doth not cover beneath its glad wing!

No hunger hath place in the highest creation,
There's food for perfection, so strange to
earth's sod;

Long ago 'twas decreed in the grand consummation,
That Heaven by love, is the reflex of God!

H. W. Naisbitt.

TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE.

I.

THE CHALDEAN STORY.

IN these days of increasing infidelity in the bible and revelation, fostered by such men as Ingersoll, it is refreshing to glance at the various traditions extant among many widely dissimilar nations, relative to the deluge. The story of the deluge as narrated in the bible is a favorite subject for ridicule among the would-be wise, who affect to believe such an event impossible. But nearly all nations, even from remote antiquity, have treasured in their temples and in their sacred archives, legends of that great cataclysm, when a world was destroyed and peopled again. These legends vary in many particulars, but agree in certain essential points. All of them agree that only a single family, or a very few persons, were preserved from drowning, either by a boat, floating upon a log, or by climbing trees; and that after all other people had perished, those who remained went forth and again peopled the world.

Such traditions were had among the ancient Chaldeans, Assyrians, East Indians and Greeks; also in later times among the ancient Welsh, Scandinavian, and other European nations, and also among African peoples and American Indians. Such a unanimity among peoples so diverse in language and country, in tradition, pursuits and character, cannot be the result of a mere chance, but is of itself one of the strongest proofs of the story as told by Moses in the Book of Genesis. Such a remarkable agreement could only result from the fact that all these nations had received their information from one common source—from those who had themselves escaped the flood. In process of time they altered and added to the story of their fathers to suit themselves and the times in which they lived, but the main facts in the story remained.

In this article will be presented the Chaldean version of the flood, as related by Berosus, a Chaldean priest and historian. He took his account of the flood from the sacred books of Babylon. In his story he first tells of nine successive

kings who reigned before the flood, and then relates the story of Noah, or Xisuthrus, as he calls him, as follows:

"Obartes Elbaratutu being dead, his son Xisuthrus (Khasisatra, or Noah) reigned eighteen sars—64,800 years. It was under him that the great deluge took place, the history of which is told in the sacred documents as follows: Kronos (Ea) appeared to him in his sleep, and announced that on the fifteenth of the month of Daisios (the Assyrian month Sivan, a little before the summer solstice), all men should perish by a flood. He therefore commanded him to take the beginning, middle, and end of whatever was consigned to writing, and to bury it in the City of the Sun, at Sippara; then to build a vessel, and to enter it with his family and dearest friends; to place in this vessel provisions to eat and drink, and to cause animals, birds and quadrupeds, to enter it; lastly, to prepare everything for navigation. And when Xisuthrus inquired in what direction he should steer his bark, he was answered, 'towards the gods!' and enjoined to pray that good might come of it for men.

"Xisuthrus obeyed, and constructed a vessel five stadia long and five broad; he collected all that had been prescribed to him, and embarked his wife, his children, and his intimate friends.

"The deluge having come, and soon going down, Xisuthrus loosed some of the birds. These, finding no food nor place to alight on, returned to the ship. A few days later Xisuthrus again let them free, but they returned again to the vessel, their feet full of mud. Finally, loosed the third time, the birds came no more back. Then Xisuthrus understood that the earth was bare. He made an opening in the roof of the ship, and saw that it had grounded upon the top of a mountain. He then descended with his wife, his daughter, and his pilot, who worshipped the earth, raised an altar, and there sacrificed to the gods; at the same time he vanished with those who accompanied him.

"Meanwhile, those who had remained in the vessel, not seeing Xisuthrus return,

descended too, and began to seek him, calling him by his name. They saw Xisuthrus no more; but a voice from heaven was heard commanding their piety toward the gods; that he, indeed, was receiving the reward of his piety, in being carried away to dwell thenceforth in the midst of the gods, and that his wife, his daughter, and the pilot of the ship shared the same honor. The voice further said that they were to return to Babylon, and, conformably to the decrees of fate, disinter the writings buried at Sippara in order to transmit them to men. It added that the country in which they found themselves was Armenia. These, then, having heard the voice, sacrificed to the gods and return on foot to Babylon. Of the vessel of Xisuthrus, which had finally landed in Armenia, a portion is still to be found in the Gordyan mountains in Armenia, and pilgrims bring thence asphalte that they have scraped from its fragments. It is used to keep off the influence of witchcraft. As to the companions of Xisuthrus, they came to Babylon, disintered the writings left at Sippara, founded numerous cities, built temples, and restored Babylon."

Notwithstanding the fanciful additions and alterations of this ancient Chaldean tradition, the reader may easily see that it agrees closely in its most essential features with the bible story so familiar to us, and that without doubt it was derived in the beginning from the true history. We see there was a warning of the coming of the flood; the command to build a vessel; to fill it with animals and with food for them; the entrance into it of this man, his family and friends; the vessel floating upon the waters of the flood; the sending forth of the birds; the final landing of the vessel; the going forth of its living freight, and the sacrifices offered: All these points tally closely with the record in the bible.

We will next present the second Chaldean account of the deluge, as translated from tablets now in the British museum, dug from the ruins of Nineveh, and given to the world by that celebrated master of Asiatic lore, George Smith. From the tablets it appears that the history of the

deluge was transcribed two thousand seven hundred years ago by order of Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, from a record which was then still more ancient in the sacred library of Uruk, a city of the first Chaldean Empire. The date of the more ancient version, from which was transcribed the one upon the tablets of Nineveh, now translated by Mr. Smith, was at least seventeen hundred years before Christ, or about four hundred years before Moses—probably in the time of Abraham.

He who tells this story—Izdubar—being ill with leprosy, says that he went to visit Noah—or as he is called in this legend, Khasisatra—the Xisuthrus of the first Chaldean story—and desired to be healed by him; after which he asks him to relate the story of the deluge, which Khasisatra (Noah) does in the following language. The reader will note frequent breaks in the story, shown by asterisks, and also words inserted frequently in brackets. This is because, in many places, the inscription upon the tablets are broken and defaced; and the words in brackets are inserted by the translator to continue the story in its entirety.

Khasisatra (Noah) says: "I will reveal, to thee O Izdubar, the history of my preservation—and tell to thee the decision of the gods.

"The town of Shurippak, a town of which thou knowest, is situated on the Euphrates; it was ancient, and in it (men did not honor) the god. (I alone, I was) their servant, to the great gods. (The gods took counsel on the appeal of) Anu, (a deluge was proposed by) Bel (and approved by Nabon, Nergal and) Adar.

"And the god(Ea)the immutable Lord, repeated this command in a dream. I listened to the decree of fate that he announced, and he said to me: 'Man of Shurippak, son of Ubaratutu,— thou build a vessel and finish it (quickly.) (By a deluge) I will destroy substance and life. Cause thou to go up into the vessel the substance of all that has life. The vessel thou shall build—six hundred cubits shall be the measure of its length, and sixty cubits the amount of its

breadth and of its height. (Launch it) thus on the ocean, and cover it with a roof.' I understood, and I said to Ea, my lord: 'The vessel that thou commandest me to build thus—(when) I shall do it,—young and old (shall laugh at me.)' (Ea opened his mouth and) spoke. He said to me, his servant: 'If they laugh at thee) thou shalt say to them: (Shall be punished), he who has insulted me, (for the protection of the gods) is over me, * * like to caverns * * * I will exercise my judgment on that which is on high and that which is below * * * Close the vessel * * At a given moment that I shall cause thee to know, enter into it and draw the door of the ship toward thee. Within it, thy grains, thy furniture, thy provisions, thy riches, thy men servants, and thy maid servants, and thy young people, the cattle of the field, and the wild beasts of the plain that I will assemble, and that I will send thee, shall be kept behind thy door.' Khasisatra opened his mouth and spoke; he said to Ea, his lord:—'No one has made (such a) ship. On the prow I will fix * * I shall see * * * and the vessel * * —the vessel thou commandest me to build (thus) which in * * * '

"On the fifth day (the two sides of the bark) were raised. In its covering, fourteen in all were its rafters—fourteen in all did it count above. I placed its roof, and I covered it. I embarked in it on the sixth day; I divided its floors on the seventh; I divided the interior compartments on the eighth. I stopped up the chinks through which the water entered in; I visited the chinks and added whatever was wanting. I poured on the exterior three times three thousand six hundred measures of asphalte, and three times three thousand six hundred measures of asphalte within. Three times three thousand six hundred men, porters, brought on their heads the chests of provisions. I kept three thousand six hundred chests for the nourishment of my family,—and the mariners divided among themselves twice three thousand six hundred chests. For (provisioning) I had oxen slain; I instituted (rations) for each day. In (anticipation of the need

of) drinks, of barrels, and of wine (I collected in quantity) like to the waters of a river, (of provisions) in quantity like to the dust of the earth. (To arrange them in) the chests I set my hand to * * * of the sun * * * the vessel was completed * * * strong and—I had carried above and below, the furniture of the ship. (This lading filled the two thirds.)

"All that I possessed I gathered together; all I possessed of silver I gathered together; all that I possessed of gold I gathered; all that I possessed of the substance of life of every kind I gathered together. I made all ascend into the vessel; my servants male and female,—the cattle of the fields, the wild beasts of the plains, and the sons of the people, I made them all ascend.

"Samas (the sun) made the moment determined, and he announced it in these terms: 'In the evening I will cause it to rain abundantly from heaven; enter into the vessel and close the door.' The fixed moment had arrived, which he announced in these terms: 'In the evening I will cause it to rain abundantly from heaven.' When the evening of that day arrived, I was afraid. I entered into the vessel and shut the door. In shutting the vessel, to Buzur-shadi-rabi, the pilot, I confided this dwelling with all that it contained.

"Mu-Sheri-ina-namari rose from the foundations of heaven in a black cloud; Ramman thundered in the midst of the cloud, and Nabon and Sharru marched before; they marched, devastating the mountain and the plain; Nergal, the powerful, dragged chastisements after him; Adar advanced, overthrowing before him; the archangels of the abyss brought destruction; in their terrors they agitated the earth; the inundation of Ramman swelled up to the sky, and (the earth) became without luster, was changed into a desert.

"They broke * * * of the surface of the earth like * * * ; (they destroyed) the living things of the surface of the earth. The terrible (deluge) on men swelled up to (heaven). The brother on longer saw his brother; men no longer

knew each other. In heaven, the gods became afraid of the water-spout, and sought a refuge; they mounted up to the heaven of Anu. The gods were stretched out motionless, pressing one against another like dogs. Ishtar wailed like a child. The great goddess pronounced her discourse: 'Here is humanity returned into mud, and this is the misfortune which I have announced in the presence of the gods. So I announced the misfortune in the presence of the gods,—for the evil I announced the terrible (chastisement) of men who are mine. I am the mother who gave birth to men, and like to the race of fishes, there they are filling the sea; and the gods, by reason of that which the archangels of the abyss are doing, weep with me.' The gods on their seats were seated in tears, and they held their lips closed, (revolving) future things.

"Six days and as many nights passed; the wind, the water-spout, and the diluvian rain were in all their strength. At the approach of the seventh day, the diluvian rain grew weaker, the terrible water-spout—which had assailed after the fashion of an earthquake—grew calm, the sea inclined to dry up, and the wind and the water-spout came to an end. I looked at the sea, attentively observing, and the whole of humanity had returned to mud; like unto seaweed the corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light smote upon my face. I was seized with sadness; I sat down and wept, and my tears came over my face.

"I looked at the regions bounding the sea; towards the twelve points of the horizon; not any continent. The vessel was born above the land of Nizir, the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over. A day and a second day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over;—the third and fourth day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over; the fifth and sixth day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel and did not permit it to pass over. At the approach of the seventh day I sent out and loosed

a dove. The dove went, turned, and found no place to light on, and it came back. I sent out and loosed a swallow; the swallow went, turned, and found no place to light on, and it came back. I sent out and loosed a raven; the raven went and saw the corpses on the waters; it ate, rested, turned, and came not back.

"I thus sent out (what was in the vessel) towards the four winds, and I offered a sacrifice; I raised the pile of my burnt offering on the peak of the mountain; seven by seven I disposed the measured vases, and beneath, I spread rushes, cedar and juniper wood. The gods were seized with the desire of it—the gods were seized with a benevolent desire of it; and the gods assembled like flies above the master of the sacrifice. From afar, in approaching, the great goddess raised the great zones that Anu has made for their glory (the gods). These gods, luminous crystal before me, I will never leave them; in that day I prayed that I might never leave them. 'Let the gods come to my sacrificial pile, but never may Bel come to my sacrificial pile! for he did not master himself, and he has made the water-spout for the deluge, and he has numbered my men for the pit.'

"From far, in drawing near, Bel saw the vessel, and Bel stopped; he was filled with anger against the gods and the celestial archangels. No one shall come out alive! No man shall be preserved from the abyss!' Adar opened his mouth and said, he said to the warrior Bel: 'What other than Ea should have performed this resolution?—for Ea possesses knowledge, and (he forcees) all.' Ea opened his mouth and spake; he said to the warrior Bel: 'O thou, herald of the gods, warrior,—as thou did'st not master thyself, thou hast made the water-spout of the deluge. Let the sinner carry the weight of his sins, the blasphemer the weight of his blasphemy. Please thyself with this good pleasure, and it shall never be infringed; faith in it never shall (be violated.) Instead of thy making a new deluge, let lions appear and reduce the number of men; instead of thy making

a new deluge, let hyenas appear and reduce the number of men; instead of thy making a new deluge, let there be famine, and let the earth be (devastated); instead of thy making a new deluge, let Dibbara appear, and let men be (mown down). I have not revealed the decision of the great gods; it is Khasisatra who interpreted a dream and comprehended what the gods had decided."

"Then when his resolve was arrested, Bel entered into the vessel. He took my hand and made me to rise. He made my wife rise, and made her place herself at my side. He turned around us and stopped short; he approached our group: 'Until now Khasisatra has made part of a perishable humanity; but lo, now Rhasisatra and his wife are going to be carried away to live like the gods, and Khasisatra will reside afar at the mouth of the rivers.' They carried me away, and established me in a remote place at the mouth of the streams."

So ends this most ancient Chaldean story of the great deluge, interspersed with many fanciful ideas, the product of their later heathenism, but, as a whole, having a remarkable unity with the biblical history of the great cataclysm; especially in the decision of Ea that there should not be another deluge. Men might be destroyed by wild beasts, by famine, and by war, but never again by a deluge.

How vividly is the picture of desolation presented by Khasisatra (Noah): "Not any continent—Corpses floating plentiful as seaweed, and the solitary raven—bird of ill omen in all nations—perched upon a floating corpse and feasting upon its loathsome flesh!"

In another article will be given several, but short, legends of the deluge among other ancient peoples; and those current among various tribes of American Indians and Mexicans, which correspond more nearly with the story of the bible than the others.

As some may not be familiar with ancient heathen mythology, we will here state that the god Ea, referred to in the foregoing, was the Chronos of the Greeks, and the Saturn of Roman mythology.

The god Bel was the Baal of the bible—the Phœnecean or Philistine deity, and was also worshipped among the western and northern nations of Europe. From his name, Baal, came that of the Baltic sea, Baleshaugen and Balestranden. Many places in the British isles are named from the same deity, as Belan, and the Baal hills in Yorkshire. The ancient heathen priests of Britain and Scotland also caused huge fires to be made upon prominent hills, for religious purposes, called Baal fires, which were occasionally built in the Scottish highlands as late as the middle of the last century.

J. H. Martineau.

SPANISH BELLS.

Spain has some famous bells. The great one at Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. The bell-master in the Giralda at Seville, which is three hundred and sixty feet high, is blind, as are other bellringers of Spain. Of all the bells in Spain, that belonging to the Cathedral of Toledo is most celebrated for its size and the stories connected with it. In a volume by Hans Christian Anderson, *In Spain*, we are told that fifteen shoemakers could sit under it, and draw out their cobbler's thread without touching. The weight is said to be seventeen tons. There is another story about this bell. A rich count of Toledo had a son, who, having killed a man in a duel, sought refuge in the cathedral, while his father went to Madrid to petition the king for his pardon. "No," said the king, "he who has killed a man must die!" The count continued to petition, and the king to refuse, till at length the king said, wishing to get rid of him: "When you can make a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid, I will pardon the young man." Now Toledo is nearly sixty miles from Madrid. The count went home, and some time after, as the king was sitting in his palace, at the open window, he heard a distant roll. "God help me!" he cried; "that's the bell of Toledo!" and so the young count obtained his pardon.—*New England Magazine*.

INVESTIGATION AND THE LAWS OF GOD.

"PROVE all things; hold fast that which is good," is the admonition of Paul in his second epistle to the Thessalonians. The Apostle knew that temptations came in numerous ways to lead the Saints from the path of rectitude, and therefore warned them to test those things which were presented for their consideration. They had the law of the Lord, and any suggestion or doctrine that did not harmonize with the Divine command was to be cast aside. That the Saints might not be led away by "the cunning craftiness of men," they had the principles of the Gospel, and could "try the spirits," as said by the Apostle John, and detect any imposition which was sought to be practiced upon them.

The desire to investigate and learn is a necessary element in our natures, for success in spiritual as well as temporal things. Not that it should be permitted to attain an abnormal growth, and lead to a curiosity to dabble in that which is unworthy; or to pass beyond the present necessity, in reaching after that which we have not qualified ourselves to comprehend; but proceed in systematic order, step by step, from grade to grade, toward a thorough knowledge.

In prosecuting our inquiries whatever branch we may be studying, that principle which is first in order should first be considered and brought within our understanding. To illustrate: The study of mathematics could not be properly followed by launching into complex fractions, ignoring the fundamental rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. Nor can a knowledge of the plan of salvation be acquired except by commencing with the principle of faith, and following the investigation in accord with the development of the plan.

The principles of the everlasting Gospel, revealed by the Lord Jesus Christ, invite honest, prayerful inquiry and investigation. The man who trifles with them, or cavils, merely for the sake of finding fault or avoiding a responsibility, places himself in an unenviable position, and incurs condemnation unless

he repents. But he who seeks to prove, with a desire to learn and live by the truth, will receive the blessing of knowledge as he proceeds, yielding submission to those ordinances which are presented to him, in their order, and administered by proper authority.

When a man has carefully and prayerfully investigated the principles of the Gospel, there is awakened in his mind a conviction of their correctness. His proper course is to present his situation before the Lord, asking for that intelligence which will lead him in the truth, and enable him to discern and reject the evil. Faith is thus aroused in him, and he comprehends that there is efficacy in obeying the principles. Realizing his position with reference to the plan of life, and being upon the threshold, he repents of evil by forsaking it, and by striving to work righteousness.

Having done this in sincerity, the next step in order is to receive a remission of sins. For this purpose the Lord has instituted the ordinance of baptism, as the door into the Church of Christ. The individual has faith, and acts upon it, but yet enters not upon the knowledge. The "baptism of repentance" is not complete until the contract is consummated, and the individual therefore goes down into the water and receives the ordinance of baptism for the remission of sins. It is upon his faith that he has performed these works; for without that faith being first manifest in actions, the knowledge cannot come. "Arise and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord," is the method that has been followed, harmonious with the Divine plan.

The Lord said, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." When the individual receives the ordinance of baptism at the hands of an authorized servant of God, he is making the test referred to by the Savior. He is doing the will of the Father. He calls upon the Lord for a verification of the promise of a testi-

mony. He receives the ordinance of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost—the birth of the Spirit. If he has complied with these conditions, calling upon the Lord in faith, he has performed that which is necessary to prove the principle, and he is entitled to the testimony that the doctrines which he has received and conformed to, are of God. Thus, from his acting upon the principle of faith, he passes to the knowledge given by the Spirit of Truth.

The laws of the Gospel are revealed from heaven, and all the children of God have a right to the benefits of obedience, according to the diligence with which they observe them. These rules of conduct are perfect, proceeding from a perfect source. No man can make laws for the guidance of the members of the Church of Christ. Men are called to act as servants of the Lord, and may make necessary regulations in the fulfillment of their duties in the various capacities in which they are called to labor. But these regulations must be within the laws given by the Almighty. They who "teach for doctrines the commandments of men" come under grave condemnation; such commandments emanate from an imperfect source, and are imperfect in their application to temporal and spiritual conditions.

No man can add to, or take from the word of the Lord, without becoming subject to punishment for his wrong doing. Man has not the power to change His laws; they are given by Him through the

channel which He has ordained. To the Saints He has said:

"For behold, verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye have received a commandment for a law unto my Church, through him whom I have appointed unto you, to receive commandments and revelations from my hand. And this ye shall know assuredly that there is none other appointed unto you to receive commandments and revelations until he be taken, if he abide in me. * * * And this shall be a law unto you, that you receive not the teachings of any that shall come before you as revelations and commandments; and this I give unto you that ye may not be deceived, that you may know they are not of me."

It is therefore necessary to exercise care, that we be not deceived, but act harmoniously to the divine will in all things. By conforming to the principles of the Gospel in their order; not in outward semblance alone, but by a combination of faith and works, strictly adhering to the laws that our heavenly Father has given, we can receive the Spirit which leads into all truth—to a knowledge of things as they are, as they were, and as they are to come. In making use of the heavenly powers, we may not undertake to employ them properly, for such a course can only bring disaster; but if we exercise them in righteousness, the pathway of progress in the knowledge of God is opened before us as speedily as we have intelligence to walk in it.

James H. Anderson.

TO ONE'S EYES.

Those rapturous eyes!
Veiled by two drooping languorous lids,
Whose lashes sweep a face that bids
The noblest hide and blush for shame,
In wrapt surprise.

Upon those cheeks there lays a glow
That makes my own blood faster flow,
And fans within my heart a flame
That never dies.

Oh, turn to mine that flushing face,
And lift thine eyelids for a space,
And at my life a moment aim
Those dangerous eyes!

Your blood-red lips are near mine own—
I tremble—we are all alone—
Lest thou my hot heart shouldst inflame
With those dark eyes.

G. L. B.

INNOCENT VICES.

"INNOCENT vices"—there are none.

There are wrongs which persons may commit against themselves, and the observer says: "Well, he is only injuring himself, and if he will do so it is nobody's business, so long as he does not interfere with others." I assume that this is a mistake, and one to be avoided. Man has no right to self-debasement of any kind, either mental or physical.

Some have excused their indulgences in vice and ruinous habits, with the idea that they injure no one but themselves; but this is a false conclusion, a deceitful, if not wicked perversion of truth. Man is but a link in the great chain of humanity, and he cannot do that which shall destroy the efficiency of that relation which he sustain to others, without incurring penalties that must be endured, peradventure, by the generations to come.

Sin and the violation of the laws of life are not to be excused in anyone. All the energy of man's powers, mentally, physically or spiritually, should be secured to the generations following. It is their lawful inheritance, and should be transmitted to posterity in all the excellence, purity and divinity that man is capable of possessing. It is their right, a right of which they must not be deprived; cannot be, without violating an eternal compact of endless lives.

Ignorance of the eternal purpose and relation that man sustains to his fellow-man, especially to his generations after him, is a fruitful, but inexcusable cause of much of the human frailty exhibited by sensual man.

The parent acknowledges his duty to educate, and implant in the minds of his children every principle of intelligence that can serve to qualify them for the realities of life. Of how much more importance it should be to endow that child with both physical and mental endowments, which are to be transmitted in the conception of the being, and are not otherwise acquired!

There is a higher relation, a higher obligation than that which is earthly, and the vicious qualities of one being should never become the inheritance of another.

A man has no more right to entail vicious propensities upon another by generation, than he has by education. When a man can habituate himself to profanity and lying (twin vices), to drunkenness, and the criminalities so prevalent in our professed Christian communities of enlightened notions, he has no right to posterity through which to perpetuate his sinful, God-defying career, in violation of every covenant by virtue of which he holds any relation to the immortal, eternal and Divine.

Example is a great educator. Let a child know that his father can swear, curse, drink, and smoke without any compunctions of conscience, and that child's road is clear to infamy and disgrace, and the responsibility will be placed to the father's account. A mother's influence, though more genial and consistent with the right, may not be sufficient to overcome, by precept, the force of example.

No mother should be under the necessity of assuming the opposite of a father's example, in doing her duty to her children. To thus antagonize father and mother, husband and wife, is a violation of the marital relation. Discord and strife ensue, and the relation that was in the councils of the just, devised as an eternal union, becomes undesirable, oftentimes unbearable, and is dissolved; all in consequence of the persistent vicious habits of the father—man. What a fearful debt such a man owes to justice! And what a woeful fact that the debt must be paid!

While the faith of the people may not generally seem to be impaired, vices creep in among them, and in some instances become so common, and are so freely indulged in without reproof or restraint, that they are looked upon as innocent, as without criminal liability; while in fact they are vices not to be tolerated—are directly in violation of law, or God's word and will, revealed for man's exaltation, and without observance of which none can be fully justified. He that offends in the least, may be adjudged guilty of all, if he turn not therefrom, for sin lieth at his door.

To those who are believers in the revelations of God to man, through his Prophet, Joseph Smith, I would invite special attention to the almost universally prevailing habit of using tobacco. Many who make such profession, both old and young, are completely enslaved by the filthy, abominable practice of either smoking or chewing this detestable weed, with which the earth and humanity are cursed. In the beginning, God, the Creator, forbade the use of one of the fruits of the garden by man. This, designed to be test of man's integrity to his Father's instructions, resulted in disobedience and punishment.

God has forbidden the Saints, in our day, the use of tobacco. He has said "it is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man;" while thousands who profess to be Saints, declare by their practice in the constant use of it, that it *is* good for man, and they will not do without it. The practice of one is directly opposite to the declaration of the other. There is a lie somewhere, and who is guilty of it? It becomes a very serious matter when we read that all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth, while it is also written that "it is impossible for God to lie."

It is clear from this evidence that judgment must be rendered against him who is guilty of both the lie and the practice, even though he professes to be a Saint, and deliberately refuses to live by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. This he is *commanded* to do, and a persistent violation of law is sin, the wages of which is death. The fact that man may and does become a slave to such a deleterious weed, should be enough to cause him to shun it as he would the serpent of death. This most filthy, disgusting habit, to which so many have become abandoned, is as universally abhorred by sensitive woman, as it is entirely repugnant to the more sensitive nature of the Holy Spirit of promise, to those who are obedient.

Youthful reader, let me urge you to refrain from all that God has forbidden, and take delight in reforming, by your

example as well as precept, those who have so freely indulged in the many habits and vices that prevail, as to look upon them as being *innocent* to the present life of man and to his future happiness, while they are in fact the subtle tempter leading him to degradation and misery.

Be admonished to go not in the way of the unbeliever nor approve the pernicious habits of the Gentiles, who have so far departed from the right, that their cup is full, and their day of grace is virtually passed; but remember that God has purposed to raise up a peculiar people, by calling out of Babylon those who are willing to forsake her ways, follies, vices, and sins, and walk in His paths, where all who will may find peace.

We live in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; a generation so intensely given up to sensualities, that they are almost wholly lost to spiritualities. We live in a day that is dark with unbelief, full of deceit, when every man is seeking his own and not another's good; when greed, sensual indulgence, and appetites have no bounds; and in the last, the eleventh hour of that day, the last call is made for man to reform his ways, and bring all his desires in subjection to the laws of life; both the temporal and the spiritual life of man. To accomplish this the dark ways of unbelief must be abandoned, and that which is of God—the light of life—must be sought after, the voice and words of wisdom must be listened to, and be faithfully observed—turning away from all the evil propensities of humanity, and from the ways in which the Gentile nations have corrupted themselves, and walking in that narrow way which only a few ever find, that leads to a knowledge of God, the fountain of all life.

The Apostle has truly said in holy writ, that of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought into bondage. If by the lusts of the flesh and much wantonness, a man becomes the servant of corruption, by practicing that which is sensual, in gratifying the tastes, desires, or passions, he shall utterly perish in his own corruption. To save man from

his evil habits and customs, derived from Gentile practices and indulgences, is the great object of the latter-day dispensation of God to man. A life of selfish indifference leads to many of the common evils and vices that prevail so universally among men, and make them like the brute beasts. They should be avoided by all Saints. The many indulgences of life, that appeal only to the senses, are but snares to the feet and degrading to the soul. If a different life from that of the Gentiles does not characterize and make peculiar the lives of the Saints, as a people, then the gathering has been practically a failure, and other means must be employed, and terrible they may be, to bring to pass the realization of God's

purposes. He will not, be frustrated in His designs. Therefore touch not, taste not, handle not, that which has been forbidden; which weakens and demoralizes, degrades and enslaves, and will eventually destroy the sensitive part of man's nature, and leave him to be led captive at the will of him who is ever seeking to destroy.

All excessive indulgences beyond the actual demands of nature are vices, not innocent, but destructive to man's physical organization. Every departure from the strictest rules of morality is vicious and corrupting to his spiritual being, from which, only by repentance and sorrow, can he be redeemed.

S. W. Richards.

MARCH.

A LAY OF CHIVALRY.

The earth lies captive in the Winter's hold,
Nor may not stir nor utter her despair—
For that strange draught one forced—of bitter
cold,

Wrapped her in trance which stifled tear and
prayer.

Afar in regions of the nether space,
The bold Sun marches—exiled from our zone
On valorous mission, bearing hope and grace
To anguished climes far distant from our own.

Yet once the Winds which wrought our earth's
deep woe,
Wandering by chance beyond the boundary
line

That marks the realm of Winter, felt the glow
Of rays whose banners bore the sun's design.

And hurrying back have carried on their wings
A challenge signeted with Spring's own stamp,
From threatening forces which the great foe
brings

On toward the breastworks of the Winter's
camp.

And, as the first beam from the realm of dawn
Wakens the world from slumber, so the
earth—

Roused by its sound, throws off the cover drawn
By the crone fingers of the storm—whose mirth

Signals the joy of her task—and starts,
Dreamy, half dazed, and wondering to hear
The word that speaks relief, and friendly hearts
Mourning the season of her durance drear—

And by the sudden motion so lays bare

Her frozen bosom and her stiffen'd limbs—
The mountains—gray, but statuesque and fair
The shrunken plains with bruised and purple
rims.

Yet the dread spell enchains her, and once more
The eager fingers of the cruel storm,
Quick at the cold Wind's bidding as before,
Piles with the drifts her numbed and helpless
form.

So must she sleep and wake oft yet to hear
The low faint signal of the friendly airs
That creep about her stronghold, and their cheer
Answer with effort which the hag storm snares.

Yet, lo! in time comes one who loves her well;
The Sun, that hero whom no hosts dare meet,
Hastening at last to break the cruel spell
And bind the strong Wind's captive at her feet.

Already, in a chamber of the year,
Silent, unseen, but busy at her task,
Spring weaves a garment for the earth, when near
Her tender form the snows no longer mask.

As the first signal of the Sun's warm rays
Strike at her threshold, forth comes she in pride
Bearing a robe of richest woof, and lays
Its dazzling folds about the new made bride.

Perish the Winds which wrought earth's plight
of woe;

Perish the storm which did their bidding well!
In time's fair palaces with blooms aglow,
The royal twain in rapture long shall dwell!

Josephine Spencer.

THE DESCENDANT OF AN ANCESTOR.

"Does it read of treasure, messieurs?"

The Turkish guide and interpreter asked the question eagerly, pushing his face between those of the two Englishmen who stood beside him, and making an effort to catch sight of the roll of yellow parchment which they held in their hands.

"Not of the material kind whose vision is probably outlined on the retina of your mind's eye, my good Abdar," returned the drawing tones of one of his companions. "I doubt if the preciousness of the discovery of a rare bit of old English autobiography in the heart of a desert supposed to have been trodden, until recently, only by the feet of camels, horses, sheep and barbarians, will be apparent to your guileless imagination; but the wealth it will furnish to delvers in mines of Haggard-ian literature can only be expressed by the hyperbolic language of an Arabian Night's tale."

Abdar's target-like eyes, in answer to this, took on the mystified glare which it was Greyton's unflinching pleasure to behold, and the latter once more devoted his attention to the parchment.

The two Englishmen were of a party who had started from Constantinople with the purpose of exploring the country east of the Taurus Mountains, a trip incited by the works of a French savant on the subject of archæological treasures, existing in some of the ancient Saracenic towns—one of which contained a tomb bearing inscriptions, and carvings as interesting and beautiful as those which had been discovered at Susa. It was Danvers, Greyton's friend and companion, who was greatly interested in archæological studies, to whom their present journey was owing; the latter accompanying him more for the novel experience promised, than for an interest in the object of the expedition. The worthy professor who set out with them having found material to interest him at Komo, the two friends, not wishing to bury themselves in the small town during the time it would take for his investigations, decided to go on to the valley of Ulbeck, which possessed not only the noted

tombs, but had also a reputation for great beauty, having been compared by an English traveler with the famous vale of Cashmere.

The professor had insisted upon lending them the Turkish interpreter, who had been chartered for the expedition, and whose knowledge of dialects, picked up in his trips made with other travelers, rendered his services invaluable for the expedition. The savant before mentioned had been Abdar's first patron, and since then all travelers were to him "messieurs," and his manner of expressing this title alone, endowed its recipients with the prestige of distinction. They had been traveling with relays of horses and donkeys through the widely scattered villages lying along the western slope of the mountains, and now found themselves, in the noon hour of an August day, near the northern end of the circle of mountains which enclosed the vale of Ulbeck. The entrance to the valley still lay some miles further south, and, attracted by the shade of a cave, which opened in the steep slope of the mountain, they had dismounted, ordering Abdar to unpack the donkeys, intending to remain here until sundown, when the remainder of their journey might be made with more comfort. The cave which they entered seemed to extend far back into the mountain, though they made no effort to explore its recesses, contenting themselves with the grateful shelter afforded by the large compartment near its opening. After luncheon, while Danvers, stretched out upon the floor, was enjoying his cigar, Greyton penetrated a short distance into the rear darkness, subjecting the walls of the cave to a careful mineralogical inspection. Lighting a match to search for a loose piece of the rock, which he might secure for a specimen, his eyes suddenly fell upon an object which caused his careless glance to change to one of alert interest. In a small cavity into which he had plunged the slender flame of his match, was a small iron box, rusted and time-stained, and bearing the appearance of having been undisturbed for centuries. Lifting

it from its place, and pressing a prominent spring at its edge, the lid easily yielded to his touch, and peering curiously inside, Greyton saw what appeared to be a roll of ancient parchment. There were letters inscribed on it, and bearing it into the light, Greyton saw with amazement, that the language, though written in an ancient and obsolete form of orthography, was familiar—being no other than the old English of the thirteenth century. He called Danvers to share in his discovery, and the two friends eagerly set themselves to decipher its meaning. With spelling slightly modified from the original, for the convenience of our readers, the inscription read as follows:

"Trustynge bye grace of God ys writinge may come to be seen of them, mye countriemen, who myghte bye chonce fayre ys waye for pilgrymage to the Holy Jerusalem, I am constrained by sore neede for to begge mercye and helpe for myne most woefulle plyghte. It fallinge that I, Geoffry Wardon, knyghte of England, beinge called bye peryl of Christians in Jerusalem, to goe forthe to the Holy Wars, and beinge come to Venice in service of Count Robert, was theyre changed from our purpose for to sette seige to Constantinople. Beinge successful in ys enterprise, it happenyth that I, wyth a goodlye number of mye countriemen, havinge come thus far, and beinge minded to make pilgrymage to ye Holy Sepulchre, weyre thus come some distance on our waye, when it befelle our schippe to be wrecked off a strange coast—whereof but myne own self and one other ben saved. Havinge yette hope to come to Jerusalem bye lande, we so fared on oure waye, but beinge come to a smalle village, weyre theyre set upon bye barbarous inhabitants, it befallinge mye companyon to be at once slayne; and that I met not like manner of fayte was bye resoun of intention bye them to deliver me to ye Sultoun of Aleppo, it beinge of much joy to him to give griveous, cruel treatment to alle Christians. I hadde thus been helde, and so come bye mye death hadde it not befelle ye chieftan of a nebouringe valleie shoulde bringe suddyn attacke upon ye village, killinge many and tak-

inge others captive. It so happenyth that I, beinge among these laste, hadde fortune to finde favoure wyth ys feirce chieftan, it beinge come to hys hearinge I hadde faughten against ye Sultoun, whome he mightily despised, forbye he ben bounden to yeilde large tribute, which was of payneful duty to him, bye resoun of hys exceedynge haughty spirit, havinge power in hys owne valley whereof he had yeilded to none other before. He was thus minded to treat me civille, whereof I am much thankful. And beinge shutte in ys valley bye highe mountains and walls whereof theyre be no means of escape, I was fain to be content, as I myghte well be, havinge been given bye favoure of ye chieftan, to wed hys daughter—a fayre and affectionate creature whom I can but love well—and beinge gyfted, besides, wyth much highe power of athority in alle ye valley. Yet havinge now been captive manye years, and filled with sore longings to sette eyes on myne native countrie—I hadde so come bye stronge purpose to go forth privily from the valley—and havinge come bye flyghte thro a certyn secret passage, digged thro the mountain, for to gyve means of escape to ye people, in chance beset bye sore neede, and beinge come in safty to ys place, am now beset wyth muche doubte for how to go that long waye homeward, without schippe, even if bye peryl and difficulty I should come bye ye sea—and filled, too, wyth grievous forebodynge of mye younge daughter, a fayre Christian chylde, beliken nether in look nor disposition to thys barbourous peopel, and from whom it grieveth me sorely to part. It beinge brought to mye heart it were mye duty as her father to watch bye her, that I might perchance save her, though but a lytle, from evil fate; and, as it seemeth best to mye conscience, I am now minded strongly to return, trustynge in Providence to restore me in short tyme to mye owne lande. If thys writinge be found, and any minded to come to mye helpe, I would give warning that they come in secret, bye waye of thys passage, as an exceedynge strong host myghte seek in vain to gain entrance bye ye gates of ye vallev

Charging ye who may reade ys writinge, bye grace of heaven, to beare pity for myne distress, not so much for mye helpe, but for mye fayre chylde whome it were a Christian duty to deliver from thys barbourous people.

"Ys signed bye me,

"Geoffry Wardon,

"Of Englysh countrie."

After reading the paper to the end, the friends were silent, chained by the spell of romance and sadness which breathed from the ancient parchment. Though the paper was crumbling to decay, and the words couched in the quaint phraseology of past centuries, it seemed as if the echo of a living voice had reached them, filling them with sympathy and pity by the pathos of its appeal. Centuries had passed since the manuscript was written. Their eyes were the first which had fallen upon its contents, since the homesick and sorely tried knight had placed it in its hiding place, with the hope that aid might reach him. What had been his fate? Had he escaped from his captivity, or yielded to the destiny seemingly enjoined by the exigencies of his position? It was Abdar's voice which first roused them from the reverie induced by their strange discovery. After re-reading the manuscript they placed it carefully in the iron box.

"There can be no doubt," remarked Danvers, "that the valley in which our unfortunate countryman was imprisoned centuries ago, is the one towards which we are wending our way. This cave is probably the entrance to the passage which leads through the mountain, and no doubt opens into the vale of Ulbeck. To-morrow we shall be on the ground once trodden by the unhappy English knight."

"I shall feel as if perpetrating an anachronism, if not sacrilege, to enter the vale as a peaceful tourist, after imbibing the spirit of romance which breathes from this ancient tale," returned Greyton. "I am half inclined to don a suit of armor, push my way boldly through the secret passage, and dash valiantly to the rescue—"

"Of whom?" inquired the prosaic Dan-

vers. "It is probable that Sir Geoffry is no longer in need of assistance."

"I am haunted by the thought of that 'fayre, Christian chylde,'" said Greyton somewhat dreamily.

"There is but one 'she,'" observed Danvers, sententiously, "and Haggard is her prophet. According to the account of this simple writer, the only female gifted with an eon's lease on life was recently cremated; hence your sentimental regret as well as your valorous impulse would seem to be in vain."

"I cannot throw off this spell of romance," said Greyton. "We are in a land whose religion and philosophy teaches the doctrine of reincarnation. Who knows that the soul of the knight's daughter may not dwell to-day in the body of one of these maidens in the vale of Ulbeck."

"There is nothing impossible in the idea that he may have a descendant," returned Danvers, refusing to lend himself to his friend's mood, "though Sir Geoffry may have escaped, and his descendants be living to-day in England. We may have seen the features of the 'fayre chylde'—transmitted through generations—in a photograph in the 'Book of Beauty,' or in the shop windows in London."

"I cannot believe that the knight escaped," returned Greyton, "and when we come to Ulbeck, I shall devote myself to investigating the matter. It is an archæological subject to which I can devote myself with interest. While you delve amongst the tombs, it shall be the object of my unceasing quest to trace the history of the English knight, and discover his descendants."

Incited by the new interest occasioned by their romantic discovery, the Englishmen decided to go on at once to Tula, the village which lay on this side of the entrance to Ulbeck, in order that they might reach the valley early the next day. Before sundown they entered the village, and having with difficulty procured a place of lodgment for the night, retired to their couches to dream of the novel adventure of the day. Early the next morning Abdar came to them with information, which he had gained from

the villagers, in regard to the valley toward which they were wending their way. The Ulbecks were on bad terms, it seemed, with the neighboring towns, a state of affairs occasioned by the quarrelsome disposition of Aziz, a brother of one of the wives of the khan, and occupying the position of a sort of prime minister to the Turkish ruler. He delighted to wage a petty warfare with the neighboring towns, being assured of his own safety by reason of the valley's strong position; and his last aggressive act had been to attack, with a number of the khan's servants, a caravan laden with costly goods, belonging to the chieftain of a neighboring province, carrying off the booty to enrich the household of the khan.

The result was that the infuriated lord had sent a messenger to Aziz, to the effect that if the stolen articles were not immediately returned, he would incite a number of towns to join with him in laying siege to the valley. The only reply made by Aziz, to this treat, was to swing the great gates, which stood at the entrance to the valley, upon the retreating footsteps of the messenger—a reply fraught with more meaning than the strongest language could have held. These gates were set in a high wall built across the opening of the valley, and were the only practicable means of entrance, the rest of the vale being enclosed in a circle of high mountains.

Some time had passed since the occurrence of this warlike episode, and it was supposed that the injured chieftain had abandoned his useless project, though the gates of the valley were still closed in view of attack. In consideration of this state of affairs, it would be a little more difficult for the messieurs to gain admittance to the valley, Abdar explained, but if they would permit him, he would suggest a plan by which they could easily gain a welcome. Merchants of good station, often traveled from town to town exhibiting their wares, and if the messieurs would present themselves in this character, he had no doubt they would be admitted through the gates. As this seemed to offer the only way out of the dilemma, the friends decided to adopt the plan—

especially as they were well provided with means for carrying it out. It happened that a trunk containing valuable curiosities which they had obtained during their journey, and which they had intended to leave at Constantinople till their return, had, through some blunder, been forwarded to Komo, reaching them the day after their arrival, and as it had barely escaped loss on the way, through a careless accident, the friends decided to keep it henceforth under their personal care, providing an extra donkey for its conveyance on their travels. It was decided that some of the articles should be exhibited to gain admittance, and once inside the gates, such a price set upon them as should obviate any chance of losing them through purchase of the inhabitants.

Having perfected the details of their plan, the party set out upon their way to the Ulbeck Valley. Traveling through a defile which led up to its entrance, in a few hours they came in view of the high wall built between the mountains which opened at this point, and as they approached near, they could see the great gates with the hut, or gate house, perched upon the wall, and children playing around it, presenting a peaceful picture, in strange contrast with the one suggested by the warlike rumors they had heard.

At the gates they overtook a group of Persian bird peddlers who were going to display their trained falcons before the khan, who indulged himself in every expensive luxury, and was particularly devoted to the pastime of hawk flying.

As they neared the gate, a curious kind of basket was let down from the wall, attached to ropes which were run through raised iron rings set in the top of the wall. Into this basket the peddlers stepped one at a time, being drawn to the top by a donkey on the inside of the walls, and to which the other ends of the ropes were attached. As the Englishmen stood noting this novel mode of ingress, and speculating, as the basket swung in mid air, upon the probable result of a sudden backward movement on the part of the irresponsible motor inside, Abdar pressed forward and addressed the gate keeper, who stood at the door

of his hut, idly watching the oscillatory advance of the strangers towards his threshold. His masters, the *messieurs*, Abdar remonstrated, should not be subjected to this undignified mode of entrance, as they were distinguished Christian merchants and savants, and bore letters from Constantinople, giving them permission to explore the tombs in the valley. Besides this, they brought with them magnificent wares to display before the khan. All this Abdar recited with a play of violent hyperbole and gesture, which produced a visible impression upon the indolent keeper. Disappearing within the door of his lofty domicile as the last of the bird fanciers performed a lightning ascension to the top of the wall—a feat caused by the sudden capricious motion on the part of the unreliable propeller inside—the keeper appeared at the gate below, swinging it open a short distance, and permitting them to enter.

The arrival of the bird fanciers had attracted a throng about the gates, and when the strangers entered, a demand was made for a display of the wares which they had heard Abdar describe before entering. Abdar deigned not to parley with this commoner herd, however, declaring that the business of his *messieurs* was with the khan, and demanding that they should be allowed to proceed at once to the palace. The throng made way for them at once, impressed by the important manner of Abdar, who proceeded with the air of a grand marshal conducting a princely retinue.

As they approached towards the palace the two Englishmen gazed around upon the valley. It had all the beauty which the descriptions read by them had led them to expect. The entire vale was a blooming garden. Groves of olive and fig trees, fields of rye, gardens of roses, quaint roofs and walls swathed with vines and flowers spread clouds of emerald foliage throughout the vale. Towards the eastern slope of the valley was the khan's palace—an imposing group of buildings joined together by courts, terraces, latticed walks and gardens, which with the arched gateways and rounded

domes of the roofs, made up an ideal oriental picture. They soon arrived at an outer court leading to the palace, and Abdar at once dispatched a messenger to the khan with news of the *messieurs'* arrival and business. A short, wizen-eyed Turk soon made his appearance, who proved to be no other than the prime minister, Aziz, who informed Abdar that the Englishmen might present themselves before his master; and the two, with their precious trunk carried by Abdar and a Turkish servant, who came behind, were soon ushered into the khan's apartment. This they found furnished with true oriental splendor. Gorgeous silken hangings swathed the walls, and satin and velvet divans with ornaments of silver, gold and rare woods, adorned the room.

The khan, whose gorgeous appearance accorded in every way with his surroundings, received the English with civility, and after hearing the letters of credit which were read to him by Abdar, courteously declared that his household and domain were at their command. His chief interest in the strangers, however, was caused through the account given by Abdar of their wares—a glowing description of them having been furnished by him upon their first entrance into the apartment. Having unlocked the trunk which contained their treasures, the officious servitor was about to spread its contents upon the carpet, when he was restrained by the prudent Danvers, who had no wish to exhibit the best of his treasures, lest the khan's vanity might lead him to indulge in their purchase regardless of expense. Among the articles belonging to him was an exquisite comb made of rows of Roman pearls arranged in the shape of a crescent, supposed to have belonged to a Byzantine princess, and which had been purchased at the cost of a small fortune. This was the last object which Danvers desired to exhibit, but Greyton, who was possessed of an ulterior purpose, placed his hand upon the costly ornament and at once brought it to view. The chieftain examined it with an air of approval. Turning to Abdar he demanded the price asked by

the English merchants. Greyton calmly named a sum which exceeded the wealth of half his domain. The khan's eyes opened wide with astonishment, when Abdar repeated this statement, and a flush of annoyance spread over his face. He made some hasty avowal, which Abdar had not time to interpret, ere the curtain before one of the doorways was drawn aside, and a servant entered, with the oriental obeisance, and addressed the khan. His entrance was opportune, for the chief at once handed Abdar the comb, and with an impatient air waved his hand towards the doorway through which the servant had entered. Abdar interpreted the servant's message: "Adee, the khan's daughter, desires to see the wares brought by the English merchants."

The two friends rose at once to follow the Turkish servant. As they passed through the gardens to the far portion of the palace where were situated the women's apartments, Greyton turned to Danvers with an elated countenance.

"Something tells me," he said in a decided tone, "that we are going to behold the descendant."

The next moment they entered a rose garden outside the women's palace. As they proceeded through a path leading to the entrance, Greyton suddenly paused, his eyes fixed upon a low portico which jutted out over the lower doorway. Following the direction of his gaze, Danvers saw an enchanting picture. Standing at a doorway framed with rose vines, and looking out into the garden was a young Turkish girl, robed in the picturesque oriental costume which was made of soft, cream colored cloth bordered with deeper gold, her sacque and sash of yellow silk embroidered with seed-like pearls. The skirt was long, reaching almost to the instep, and showing but a glimpse of the silken Turkish trousers beneath. Though her eyes and hair were black, the friends noted that her complexion was of dazzling fairness, presenting a startling contrast to that of other Turkish women they had seen during their journey. There was the oriental languor of expression in the eyes, but an intelligent

and expressive air about her movements, strangely at variance with that of the people by whom she was surrounded; a fact which whispered that the hope which Greyton's romantic imagination had formed, might not be in vain.

The conventional veil was draped about her head, though she did not conceal her face as they approached, but stood regarding them curiously for a moment, and then withdrew into the house. The servant led the way up the short flight of steps leading to the porch, and a moment later they found themselves in the presence of the khan's daughter. An aged and yellow female, Ulzinah by name, and holding the position of both attendant and duenna to Adee, greeted them, motioning them to a seat upon the cushions piled against the wall.

Adee had seated herself upon a divan, and vouchsafed not a glance at the strangers, while Abdar was spreading the contents of the trunk upon the carpet. Abdar now met with no restraint, and the choicest articles of their collection were exhibited before the eyes of the Turkish maiden. Ulzinah was the one who seemed most interested in the display, and was soon extolling the praises of the Roman comb, showing it to Adee, who, indeed, showed her appreciation of its beauty. The latter examined it slowly, uttering a few words in a low tone to her companion.

"It is Adee's wish that she may possess the comb," repeated Abdar, bending upon his messieurs a weird look.

Ulzinah rose and placed the beautiful ornament in her mistress' hair. The pearls framed Adee's face like a halo, enhancing her wonderful beauty. Ulzinah turned to them with a question.

"At what price, messieurs?" repeated Abdar after her. Greyton was silent. "I shall be pleased if the lady Adee will favor me by accepting the comb," stammered Danvers.

Abdar hesitatingly repeated this statement. Adee and her attendant gazed with astonishment at the generous merchants. Danvers flushed painfully. He was conscious of having committed a

blunder. It was Greyton who came to the rescue. "We are under obligation to the khan for permission to examine the ancient tombs in the valley," he said to Abdar, who repeated the explanation, and the mistake was bridged over.

Another half hour was spent by Ulzinah in looking over the collection. Adee was shy or indifferent, it was hard to determine which. Ulzinah chose for herself a bracelet of onyx beads, which had been found in the ruins of Pompeii—and whose value the Turkish lady would never realize except through vision. For Adee was also a pair of tiny silver clasps, taken from an ancient silken sandal, found in an Egyptain tomb. All these were purchased at a nominal price. The rest of the collection, consisting principally of volumes of rare print, faded paintings, and tarnished relics, had no charm for the Turkish ladies, and the conference being ended, Abdar led the way out of the apartment. The servant who had shown them into Adee's presence had given news of the princely gifts made by the strangers, and they found the khan awaiting them with lavish thanks and a profuse show of hospitality. A suite of rooms was set apart for them, and the service of the household placed at their command. On the day after their arrival the khan, in return for their gifts, presented each of them with a fine Persian horse; and it was not the least of the pleasures which they now experienced, to ride them about the charming valley.

Danvers at once became wrapped up in his archæological researches, digging amongst the half buried tombs from morning till night. Greyton devoted himself to learning the language, and with the books which had been provided by the professor, and Abdar's help, he made rapid progress.

During the two months which had slipped pleasantly away since their arrival, Abdar had been set to make inquiries in regard to the history of the English knight. He at last found out from Aziz, that a Christian had wedded the daughter of an Ulbeck chieftain centuries ago; but the people hated him for his race and religion, as well as for his

favor with the ruler, and they had risen against the latter, at length killing him and the Christian son-in-law, and placing a rival chieftain to rule over the valley. This chieftain had wedded the Christian's daughter, being influenced both by her beauty and her relation to the former khan, the latter fact investing him with a better title to the Turkish chieftain's domains. From them had descended the present line of khans. Adee was thus, as Greyton had anticipated, a literal descendant of the unfortunate English knight. The subject had not been broached to Adee, it being decided by them that their course, in regard to relating the scrap of ancient history which had fallen into their possession, should be determined by the future turn of events.

It had transpired about a week after their arrival, that Danvers rode out to the tombs, leaving Greyton to pour over his Turkish books, in their room at the palace, when a message was dispatched to them by Adee to the effect that she again wished to inspect some of the articles among the English merchants' wares. Selecting those which had been named, Greyton complacently followed the servant to Adee's palace. He found her with Ulzinah and some other ladies of the household, seated upon cushions in the rose garden, and while exhibiting the articles he managed with the help of Abdar and the Turkish synonyms he had conquered, to interest them with a relation of the history of the relics; and after this, it transpired that Danvers often returned from his labors at the tombs, to find his friend entertaining them with an account of his travels, and other matters of like interest. Sometimes the khan listened to these conversations, being pleased to show his gracious disposition towards the distinguished and wealthy messieurs. Thus all went swimmingly, until an event occurred which completely changed the even tenor of affairs. This transpired through the agency of Aziz. It happened with him as with many other astute politicians, that having enjoyed a generous range of liberty, he longed to experience the luxury of absolute power; and as the khan had no son, he saw nothing to

interfere with his assuming control of affairs in the valley when the khan should die, unless, indeed, Adeë's marriage should interpose an obstacle in the shape of a rival aspirant. This event he determined to prevent by marrying Adeë himself, and he therefore watched every movement of the maiden with jealousy, incited both by ambition and love. The intimacy and favor enjoyed by the strangers in the khan's household had occasioned in him no fear of rivalry, however, till the occurrence of the event before mentioned, served to arouse his direst suspicions.

From a window of the palace, one day, he had seen Greyton walking in the rose garden with Adeë and Ulzinah. As this event was of daily occurrence, it, in itself, caused no alarm; but presently, as the Turkish duenna turned for a moment to bend over a rose tree, Aziz saw Greyton raise Adeë's hand to his lips. The sight filled Aziz with fury. At once his mind became darkened with suspicion. Why had these strangers tarried so long in the valley? Their interest in the tombs suddenly appeared to him in the light of a cunning pretext. They had displayed their wares and inspected the mausoleums—why had they not departed? He suddenly called to mind the inquiries made by Abdar in regard to the English chieftain who had once dwelt here. What if these strangers were descendants of the Christian knight, come to set up a claim for an inheritance in the valley! He had a dim knowledge of such things transpiring in the outer world, and this idea and that it was their intention that one of them should wed Adeë, for the purpose that they might better carry out their plans, at once took root in his mind—filling his heart with hatred and anger. He determined to lose no time in divulging their treacherous scheme to the khan, understanding his violent nature well enough to know that it would arouse his fury against the strangers. He reckoned rightly. The khan's anger flamed like a furnace upon hearing Aziz' well-told story of the Englishmen's designs. Abdar was summoned to inform the strangers that it was the khan's com-

mand that they should take their departure from the valley on the morrow. Abdar, filled with consternation at the violent anger shown by the khan, went in haste to the Englishmen's apartments to deliver his message. Danvers was at work near the tombs, but he found Greyton with Ulzinah and Adeë, in the garden of roses. Trembling with excitement, he repeated his news. Adeë turned pale. Greyton was dumbfounded, but was sure that all could be made right through mutual explanation. Abdar, remembering the khan's exhibition of anger, shook his head. Adeë shared his doubts.

"It is Aziz' work," she faltered; "his word is supreme with my father. I fear that to resist will bring you into danger."

"The Ulbecks are a violent people," added Abdar warningly.

"But I cannot"—commenced Greyton, then paused turning to Adeë. She averted her face, but not till he had seen that her eyes were filled with tears.

* * * *

It was night. The sky rained a blinding sleet of stars. In the garden, outside Adeë's apartment, Abdar was conversing with Ulzinah.

"It is impossible," the latter was saying; "they would refuse to open the gates. The women are never allowed to leave the valley after sundown."

"What is to be done?" asked Abdar. "The khan will never consent to let Adeë leave the valley with the strangers."

"Never," returned Ulzinah.

"Yet she loves him?"

"Yes."

"Would she go with him if a plan were provided for her escape?"

"With joy," returned the duenna.

Abdar recited the story of the parchment found in the cave.

"Do you know anything of this secret passage through the mountain?"

"I know it well; it is on the western side of the valley."

"Is it wide enough for horses to pass through?"

"Yes."

"Will you show us the way there to-night?"

"If it is Adee's wish."

"And you will seek to persuade her?"

"We shall see—if she is not already persuaded."

* * * * *

An hour later, a group of four stood in the cave in which Greyton had found the parchment. Abdar was outside, engaged in tightening the girths of their fleet Persian horses. They were soon in readiness. Adee and Ulzinah rode in the same saddle. Abdar led the way. A moment more and they were galloping across the desert.

* * * * *

A steamer was nearing the English coast. From the shore a faint sound was wafted, growing clearer each moment, and filling the air with a joyous cadence.

"What is it?" asked Adee, wonderingly of her husband, upon whose arm she was leaning.

"It is the sound of the Christmas chimes;" returned Greyton. "A fitting welcome, Adee, to the home of your English ancestor. I wonder if it is not something of a recompense to him, if he knows to-day, that you have received their message."

Josephine Spencer.

LIFE AND LABORS OF ORSON PRATT.

GARDEN GROVE is situated on a branch of Grand River. The land had been vacated a few months before by the Indians. The following Sabbath after their encampment at this place, two meetings were held and the Saints were addressed by four of the Twelve, viz: John Taylor, in the forenoon; Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Orson Pratt in the afternoon. Having concluded to make a settlement upon these lands, and put in spring crops for the benefit of the Saints who should follow them, the next morning at six o'clock the horn sounded, and all the men assembled themselves together to be organized for labor. One hundred men were appointed to split rails, forty-eight to cut logs and build log houses, several were appointed to build a bridge, a number to dig wells, others to wood their plows, several for herdsmen to watch the stock and keep them from straying, and some to be sent out to the settlements to trade off horses, feather beds, etc., for cows and provisions; and finally, the whole camp were to be occupied about something. During this council for organization they were drenched in rain. After the dismissal of the council, Elder Orson Pratt met in council with the authorities and heard some letters read from Nauvoo, asking advice relative to selling the Temple at that place. A decision in this matter was

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deferred until the next day, when the subject was taken up and discussed. It was considered that inasmuch as they had been driven from their inheritances and homes and from the Temple, that all sales of their property were but forced sales, and, for the purpose of keeping a poor people from perishing, they felt that they would be justified by their Heavenly Father in selling under such circumstances. At this council it was also proposed to send a company of men, without families, across the mountains with seed, grain, farming utensils, and provisions, to make preparations for those who should follow.

On the 29th day of April, 1846, the people were all called together at twelve o'clock. The subject of selling the Temple at Nauvoo was laid before them and they decided, by a unanimous vote, to sell it; and they also decided to sell the Temple and other church property at Kirtland, Ohio. At this meeting the captains of fifties were instructed to ascertain and report what means could be raised in their companies to fit out the expedition to the west of the Rocky Mountains. During the evening, Orson Pratt obtained an observation of the pole star, and found the latitude to be 40° 52'.

On April 30th, information was received that several hundred wagons were on

their way from Nauvoo, being strung along the road for more than one hundred miles from that city. It was expected that another settlement, about thirty-five or forty miles north of Garden Grove, would be formed, and a spring crop put in, and also another on the Big Platte River one hundred miles or more west of the Missouri.

From the first to the eleventh of May, Orson Pratt assisted the brethren in fencing the field, building log houses, bridges, etc., and he frequently met in council with the Twelve and others, and when the weather would permit, took observations for the latitude, longitude, and the true time. Notwithstanding the bad weather, an immense amount of work had been accomplished in the various departments of business.

On the eleventh of May, Orson Pratt, in company with his brother Parley and some of his company of fifty, who were in readiness, left Garden Grove and traveled westward about six miles and encamped at a point of timber, where they stopped until the thirteenth, when they again started upon their journey westward, traveling several days through the rain, over trackless, broken prairies, and bridging the streams, which were very much swollen by the falling rain. Finding a beautiful place on the middle fork of Grand River, Orson Pratt and company resolved to await the arrival of the main camp which joined them on the evening of the eighteenth. This place was named by Parley P. Pratt, Mt Pisgah.

At this point a council was held, in which it was decided that the Twelve, and those whom they should select, should go across the mountains and pioneer the way for those who should follow, and that the remainder of the people should tarry for a season on the Pottawattamie lands, and cultivate the same, if the Indians owning the lands, would consent. Brother Sherwood was sent to a portion of that tribe, encamped about fifty miles north-west, to obtain permission. The people being called together, the decision of the council was laid before them in great plainness by Elders Young, Kimball, P. P. Pratt, and

Bishop Miller, when some few yoke of oxen and one or two wagons were offered for the mountain expedition. The next day the people were again called together and addressed by President Young, who requested them to separate into two parties, that it might be determined who were intending to stay and cultivate the land for a season, and who were going west with the Twelve. A great majority were for going west immediately, if the Twelve went; thus rendering it impossible to properly fit out the expedition, in consequence of so many wanting to go.

President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Parley P. Pratt, John Taylor, Geo. A. Smith and many others, with large companies, proceeded onward towards Council Bluffs; but Orson Pratt remained at Mount Pisgah until June 7th, several days later, in consequence of not having wagons and teams sufficient to get along with. During his stay here, a large number of the Saints arrived from Nauvoo; the most of whom passed on for the Bluffs, intending to go with the first company. Others remained at the farm, not having sufficient means for an outfit. Elder Orson Hyde also arrived with a large company. At this place Sister Louisa Chandler Pratt, one of Elder Orson Pratt's wives was taken sick with a billious fever, which turned into the typhus fever. Dr. Clinton was consulted, and thinking that journeying on might not injure her, but perhaps do her good, and having procured three additional wagons with some additional teams, Elder Pratt and family left Mount Pisgah and proceeded on for several days until they reached the Platte River. Finding Sister Louisa dangerously sick, they halted and pitched their tent upon a narrow neck of land on the west bank of the Platte, the place being comfortably shaded by large black-walnut trees. Sister Louisa continued to get worse during the day, and before sundown became speechless, and about 10:30 o'clock p.m. she breathed her last. According to her request, she was laid out in her robe and other garments which she had worn in the Nauvoo Temple.

The next morning a place was searched out on the east bank of the Platte, two Indian graves being but a few rods distant. Her coffin consisted of four slabs of bass-wood with thick bark at the head and foot. The funeral took place at twelve o'clock noon, and the people were addressed by R. D. Sprague. A large company of Saints from Michigan was present. Elder Pratt cut the following letters in a tree which stood at the foot of the grave, namely: "L. C. P. died June 12th, 1846."

After the close of these sad rites, and towards evening, the journey westward was resumed. Quite a number of the Pottawattamie Indians visited the company at their various camping places and appeared quite friendly. In passing through one of their villages, and as they were crossing the two forks of the Nishnabotona river, scores of their men, women and children collected around.

On June 17th they arrived in the neighborhood of the main encampment near a little village of whites and half-breeds on the Missouri river. A large number of the Pottawattamies also resided in this vicinity. Here was also the residence of the Indian agent; and a branch of the American Fur Company's establishment was located here. At this place the great chief of the Pottawattamies, who was an educated man, visited the camp. He spoke English fluently and welcomed the people to the use of the timber upon his lands, while they tarried for the purpose of making an outfit. A Mr. Sarpee and one of his men who had just arrived from the mountains, also visited the encampment and gave much information in relation to the great West. Mr. Sarpee was a wealthy merchant engaged in the American Fur Company's business. From him a job of work was secured by the camp to freight about ninety thousand pounds of buffalo robes, furs, etc., from the head of Grand Island—some two hundred and twenty miles west of this place—for which Mr. Sarpee engaged to pay one thousand dollars in cash, together with some provisions, a horse and other things. Preparations were made, and wagons and teams sent

some sixty or eighty miles down the river into the settlements to obtain cows, and provisions, for the great western expedition.

It was during Elder Orson Pratt's stay at this place that the famous call was made by the Federal Government, for the Saints to furnish five hundred young men to march to California, and take part in the war with Mexico. This call was made by Captain James Allen of the United States army, who arrived at Mount Pisgah, Iowa, on June 26, 1846, and presented the Saints, who were temporarily located there, with a circular calling for five hundred of their young and most able-bodied men. Suffice it to say, without entering into detail, this body of men was raised, and the history of this famous Mormon Battalion forms one of the most notable pages in the events of modern times.*

Having obtained some supplies from the Missouri settlements, Orson Pratt, with his company, pushed on to Cuttler's Park and from thence to Winter Quarters, where the dreary winter of 1846-7 was shared with the Saints in their joy and in their sufferings.

In the spring of 1847, leaving his family in Winter Quarters, he started with the Pioneer Company, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight persons, and arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley, July 21st, 1847, he and Erastus Snow being some two or three days in advance of the main companies.

To give the reader a more detailed statement of the arrival of these advancing pioneers, we extract the following from the private journal of Orson Pratt:

"Wednesday, July 21, 1847.—No frost this morning, but a heavy dew. We resumed our journey, came two and a half miles and ascended a mountain for one and a half miles; descended upon the west side one mile; came upon a swift running creek, where we halted for noon; we called this Last Creek. Brother Erastus Snow (having overtaken our camp from the other camp, which he said was but a few miles in the rear) and myself pro-

*See Daniel Tyler's History of the Mormon Battalion.

ceeded, in advance of the camp, down Last Creek four and a half miles, to where it passes through a cañon and issues into the broad open valley below. To avoid the cañon the wagons, last season, had passed over an exceedingly steep and dangerous hill. Brother Snow and myself ascended this hill, from the top of which a broad open valley, about twenty miles wide and thirty long, lay stretched out before us, at the north end of which, the broad waters of the great Salt Lake glistened in the sunbeams, containing high mountainous islands from twenty-five to thirty miles in extent. After issuing from the mountains, among which we had been shut up for many days, and beholding in a moment such extensive scenery open before us, we could not refrain from a shout of joy, which almost involuntarily escaped from our lips the moment this grand and lovely scenery was within our view. We immediately descended very gradually into the lower parts of the valley, and although we had but one horse between us, yet we traversed a circuit of about twelve miles before we left the valley to return to our camp, which we found encamped one and a half miles up the ravine from the valley, and three miles in advance of their noon halt. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when we got into camp. The main body of the Pioneers who were in the rear, were encamped only one and a half miles up the creek from us, with the exception of some wagons containing some who were sick, who were still behind."

Orson Pratt, in reality, was the first one of the Pioneers to set foot upon the site of where Salt Lake City is located. In detailing, by word of mouth, the account of the trip of that eventful day, the writer heard his father say, that soon after leaving the mouth of the (Emigration) cañon, Brother Erastus Snow discovered that he had lost his coat off the horse they had between them, and he retraced his steps in search of the lost garment. Orson Pratt continued his journey farther down into the valley, and in making his circuitous route he came upon the waters of City Creek,

and traversed the land where the Temple Block and central portions of the city are now located. After having traveled thus far on foot and alone, he turned his course southward and met Brother Snow on the creek several miles below where it issues from the mouth of Emigration Cañon, and from thence the two returned to the camp in the cañon.

The next day—July 22—Orson Pratt and George A. Smith, accompanied by seven others, rode down and explored a portion of the northern part of the valley. They visited the warm and hot springs issuing from the base of the mountains, and continued their journey northward towards the Great Salt Lake. Finding the soil, as they proceeded, unfit for agricultural purposes, they returned and found their wagons encamped about five and a half miles from where they had left the cañon.

The following day—July 23—John Pack and Joseph Matthews were sent back to the rear camps, which were still in the mountains, to inform President Young and the brethren who were with him, of the discoveries and explorations made by the advance companies. The camp moved about two miles north and encamped on the stream subsequently known as City Creek, in the locality of of what is now the Eighth Ward of Salt Lake City.

At this place the camp was called together and Orson Pratt offered up prayer and thanksgiving in behalf of the Pioneers, all of whom had been so wonderfully preserved on the whole journey from the Missouri River to the valley; and he dedicated the camp and the land unto which they had come, to the Lord, imploring His blessings upon their labors and all that pertained unto them. The meeting was addressed by Willard Richards and Orson Pratt, and various committees were appointed to attend to different branches of business, preparatory to putting in crops, and in about two hours after their arrival, they began ploughing about where Godbe's Drug store now stands, and that same afternoon they built a dam to divert water, with which to irrigate the soil.

Saturday, July 24.—Potatoes were planted in the forenoon on a portion of the ground previously ploughed by the Pioneers. About noon, President Young, whose delay several days in the mountains was caused by sickness, arrived at the Pioneer encampment on City Creek, accompanied by the brethren who constituted the rear company.

Apostle Wilford Woodruff, in whose carriage President Young was riding at the time they emerged from the moun-

tains into the valley, among other notes of that day says:

"President Young expressed his entire satisfaction at the appearance of the valley as a resting place for the Saints, and felt amply repaid for his journey. While lying upon his bed in my carriage, gazing upon the scene before us, many things of the future concerning the valley were shown to him in a vision."

Milando Pratt.

BEETLES, BIG AND LITTLE.

BEETLES constitute one of the largest classes of insects; indeed, over a hundred thousand distinct species of beetles are believed to exist. The scientific name for the beetle family is *Coleoptera*, a word of Greek origin, meaning sheath-winged, and applied to these insects because of the hard and horny nature of the first or



front pair of wings; these are called elytra (singular, elytron). As is usual with most insects, beetles possess each two pairs of wings; but of these only the hind pair, which are membranous or gauzy, serve as organs of flight, the others being used as a cover or protection.

Among students of insect life, the *Coleoptera* have ever been in favor, owing to their beauty and diversity in form and color, and to their comparative solidity and the ease with which specimens can be preserved. Beetles show surprising differences in form and size;

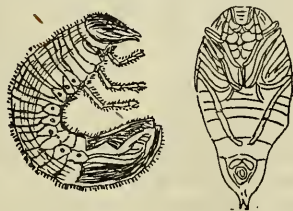


Fig. 2.

some of them are so small as to be clearly discernible by the aid of the microscope only; while others measure several inches in length. Let us examine a few of the commonest sorts.

In figure 1 is sketched in natural size the common cockchafer, sometimes called May-bug, or May-beetle. As found here, this insect is of a brown color, though the European species are darker, and in many cases actually black. Cockchafers



Fig. 3.

may be caught in Utah from the beginning of April till the end of September; they fly mostly at night, and may be attracted in great numbers by exposing a light in the open air on quiet summer

evenings. They fly rapidly, producing a dull droning sound as they pass; however, they steer their course very clumsily and knock against many obstacles in their way, so that their hard armor does them great service. The flight of the cockchafer cannot be long sustained

immediately begin an attack on leaves of plants.

Figure 3 is an outline sketch of one of our largest and most powerful beetles, it is called a stag beetle from the peculiar shape of its projecting mandibles, somewhat resembling the horns of a stag. A popular name for this beetle is horn-bug. I once captured a fine specimen of the stag beetle on the busiest street in Salt Lake City, the insect having been attracted by the glare of an electric lamp; this particular specimen measured nearly

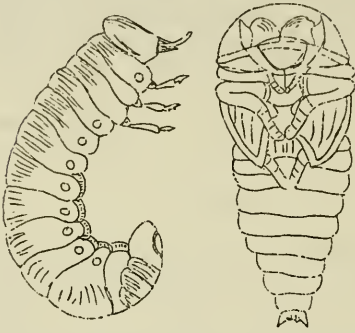


Fig. 4.

at a time; and before rising, the insect has to inflate its body with air, which it accomplishes by vigorous inhalations through its breathing pores, accompanied by violent agitations of its wings.

Cockchafers are destructive insects, both as larvae and as imagos. Sometimes they migrate in immense swarms, devouring all vegetation in their way, and leaving the land barren. It is recorded that in 1574, the insects swarmed in England and fell into the rivers in such numbers as to stop the mills. A hundred years later they darkened the sky in some parts of Ireland.

The male cockchafers usually die early in the summer, the females, however, live till autumn, and deposit their eggs in the ground, burying them from two to four inches deep. The larvae are hatched in five or six weeks, and remain in the ground for many months, in the case of some



Fig. 5.

species even for years, devouring in the meantime the roots of plants. Figure 2 shows on the left the larva, and on the right the pupa. As pupae, the insects are still: they remain in this stage during a single winter; then, in the succeeding spring the winged beetles emerge and

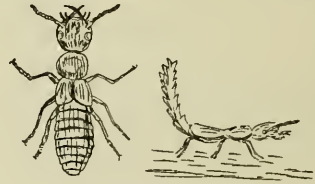


Fig. 6.

three inches in length. These beetles may be most easily found during the months of early summer, in forests. They live mainly upon vegetable matter, though not disdaining an occasional feast on caterpillars or other juicy insect growths.

Figure 4 shows the larva and the pupa of the stag beetle. In these immature stages the insect lives almost wholly in

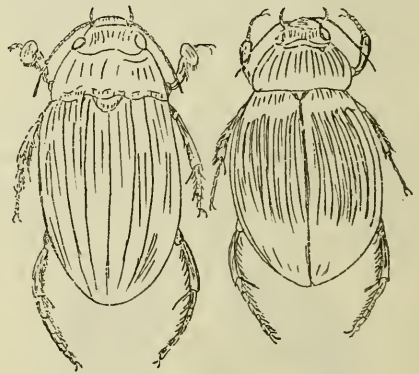


Fig. 7.

dead wood, such as the dried trunks or branches of trees.

The sketch, figure 5, represents one of those interesting creatures known as burying beetles, sextons, or grave-diggers. Like many others of the beetle family, these live mostly on carrion, but, apparently not content with feasting upon this noisome food themselves, they strive

to prepare a store of it for their offspring. To secure this provision, the burying beetles dig deep graves for any small carcass they may find exposed upon the ground. A rat, mouse, frog, or even a small rabbit will soon be interred if found by these busy little undertakers.



Fig. 8.

If the body to be buried be found on hard or stony soil, the beetles strive to remove it to a more convenient place; if the ground be suitable, however, they proceed at once. The insects burrow around and under the carcass, projecting the dirt from the hole as they proceed. Sometimes they lower the dead from six to ten inches below the surface of the ground; then they shovel the earth back again, using their stout feet and broad horny heads as tools. The females deposit their eggs in the carcass thus buried so that the larvae, when hatched, will find a good supply of food. The power of discovering the presence of decomposing carcasses is possessed by these beetles in a wonderful degree, oftentimes great numbers of the insects will gather about the body of a bird, mouse, or the like, within a very short time.

Here (figure 6) is represented in two attitudes, the commonest member of the *staphylinus* class of beetles. These are



Fig. 9.

all noted for their very small elytra, which suggest the appearance of a short coat, or waistcoat. The membranous wings, however, are well developed, and as the elytra do not nearly cover them when simply closed, the insect folds them up and tucks them snugly away as soon as it alights. Most of the staphylini when moving upon the ground, elevate the hind part of the body; they have all the power of

emitting a disagreeable odor when annoyed.

Our streams, ponds and lakes will furnish us a number of fine beetles. Fig. 7 shows the *dytiscus* beetle, male and female. This is one of our largest and most beautiful beetles. The body is of an oval shape; the legs are powerful; and by these and other endowments, the insect is able to move rapidly through

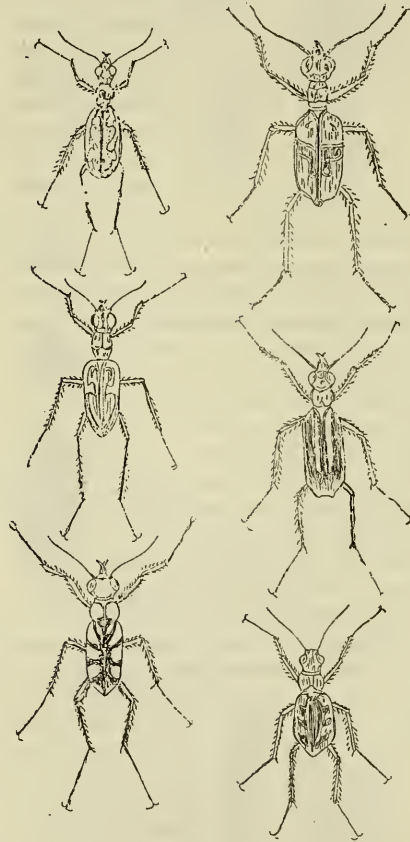


Fig. 10.

the water. In the adult form it is amphibious, readily flying from pond to pond; its flight commonly takes place at twilight. Fig. 8 represents the larva of the *dytiscus*. As larva and as imago this beetle is a voracious creature. It feeds on snails and other small molluscs, tadpoles, and young fish. The pupa stage is passed in the mud at the bottom of the water. On the under side of its body, in the region of the chest, the *dytiscus*

beetle has a sharp appendage like a spear, directed toward the end of the abdomen. Collectors would do well to beware of this in capturing the beetle, for the insect when seized is apt to move backward, and so wound the holder by driving this pointed appendage into the flesh.

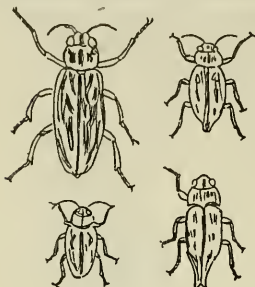


Fig. 11.

practically at the mercy of more predaceous insects; however, it possesses a power not shared by other beetles.

When attacked, it ejects from the posterior of its body a small quantity of a peculiar liquid, which volatilizes with a slight explosion when thrown into the atmosphere. Mr. Wood, the well-known English entomologist, has given us an amusing description of an attack by a fierce carabus beetle upon the little bombardier (technically called *brachinus*):



Fig. 12.

"When the *Carabus* chases the *Brachinus*, the latter wait until the former has nearly reached its prey, and then fires a gun, so to speak, in its face. The effect on the *Carabus* is ludicrous. The insect seems quite scared at such a repulse, stops, backs away from the tiny blue cloud, and allows its intended prey to reach a place of safety. * * *

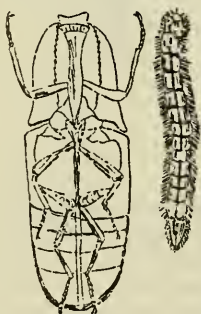


Fig. 13.

Meanwhile, the *Carabus*, exchanging its rapid advance for a retreat nearly as rapid, throws its antennæ backwards—a movement which is analogous to that of a

dog when it drops its tail between its legs—and, before it can recover itself, its intended prey has made good its escape."

Figure 10 shows a number of beetles belonging to the class of the *cicindellæ* or tiger beetles. These are all slender



Fig. 14.

creatures, provided with long and active legs. The common name tiger beetles is an expressive one, telling at once of their brilliant hues, their voracious appetite and fierce disposition. When they seize their prey they quickly tear the victims apart and drain the bodies of juice.

The *buprestian* beetles, four of which are represented in figure 11, comprise many species. The name is derived from the Greek, meaning "ox-swelling," and so given from the mistaken idea that cattle frequently swallow these beetles with their food, and in consequence, bloat and die. Most of the *Buprestidae*

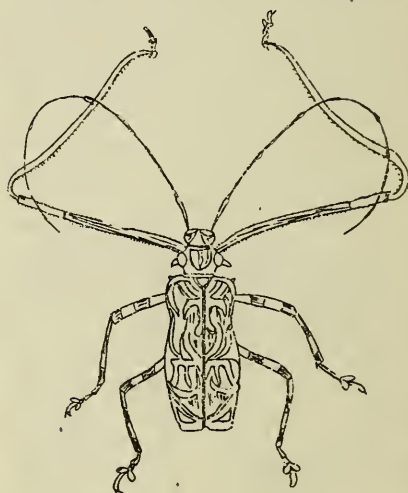


Fig. 15.

fly readily, though in walking they seem very clumsy. Many of these insects are of brilliant hues, and it is said that the women of China and of the south of France use them as hair ornaments and as ear drops.

A common and pretty beetle is the little *coccinella* or lady-bird beetle; figure 12 represents it as larva and as imago.

There are many species of these; most of them red or yellow, with black spots. The sketch shows the seven-spotted lady-bird. These beetles render great service to man, killing the *aphides* or plant lice, which are often so destructive to farm and garden products.

The *elaters* or spring beetles have the singular power of throwing themselves upward when placed upon their backs, in all cases alighting on their feet. Figure 13 shows the imago and the larva of a large *elater*, the lightning spring beetle. Though the movements of the beetle when making its leap are too rapid to permit the eye to analyze them, some idea of the way by which the feat is accomplished may be gained from figure 14, which is a side view of a beetle of this kind lying upon his back and ready to spring.

Now let us glance at one of the tropical beetles. The insect sketched in figure 15 is a magnificent example. This is the

acrocinus, commonly called the harlequin beetle, and, by some people, the capricorn beetle. In color it shows such brilliancy and contrasts, as to suggest the dress of the pantomime clown. The body of the beetle seldom is more than an inch and a half in length, yet this measurement is exceeded by either of the upper two joints of the front legs. Its antennæ are also very highly developed.

We will find much of interest in the study of the beetles about us, for their form and habits are of surprising variety; and among them are some of the farmers' best friends, as also many of his most destructive foes.

J. E. Talmage.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou may'st a friend into an enemy.

THE DYING YOUTH.

Adapted from the Danish by H. H. Petersen.

Oh tell me, dearest mother,
Has night come on again?
'Tis dark around my bedside,
To see, I try in vain.

I hear the surging waters—
I sense a deathlike gloom,
And do these chilly breezes
Salute me from the tomb?

Are nights in graveland starless?
Won't dawn appear in space?
Is rosy-tinted twilight
Ne'er kissed by sunny rays?

When the redeemed with singing
Shall fill the gloomy mound,
Will then the broken silence
With cheerful days abound?

When from the silent graveyard
All mists shall disappear,
Will then my cheeks be tinged
Like yours, my mother dear?

Oh! don't you see that angel,
In purest white arrayed?
Across the gloomy gulch, he
A starry bridge has made.

And see, how calm the ocean
Is resting in the cove,
With ripples like the brooklets,
In verdant summer grove.

A glorious light is piercing
The dark and silent cave;
I see the angel placing
A wreath upon a grave.

Oh, loveliest of mothers!
Come kiss my lips once more,
And sing that evening song, which
You oft have sung before;

And breathe it soft and sweetly
As none but you can sing,
Then in my dreams an angel
My soul will comfort bring.

A voice with sweeter cadence
Than yours was not before,
'Twill guide my weary spirit
Beyond the mystic shore.

Your loving cheek, sweet mother,
Come press once more to mine,
And then good night—to-morrow
With God I'm ever thine.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH, 1891.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

In the death of General Sherman, which occurred on the fourteenth of February, the nation mourns the loss of the last of the great figures of the Civil War. A brave soldier, an honest man, one whose personal attributes endeared him to every heart, he won his way to fame and glory and lived and died the army's idol. Though possessed of a heart as simple as a child's yet he had the brain to master the science of war, and the military tact and courage to practically carry out his great purposes. Not only did he conquer men and armies, but the general grief at his passing away shows that he also took captive the hearts of his countrymen.

The record of William Tecumseh Sherman's life reveals an activity and energy superior to that of most men of his time. He was born in Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820, his father being a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and in the following year entered the army. He rendered invaluable service in Florida, Mexico, California, St. Louis, and New Orleans. He was gradually promoted to a captaincy and held a staff position in 1853, when he resigned, and engaged in banking in San Francisco for about four years; practiced law two years in Kansas, and in 1859 was appointed Superintendent of the Louisiana Military Academy. He resigned this position at the outbreak of the war, and offered his life to the Union. It is unnecessary to relate his career during this great struggle, but it and his history forms a large part of the history of the war. In 1869, Sherman became the General of the armies of the United States, which position he held until he was retired, by reason of his age.

The famous march to the sea has been immortalized in song and story and will

ever carry with it the glamour of romance which its accomplishment threw around it. General Sherman's modest character was shown in his reference to this great march as follows: "The thing was nothing more or less than a change of base, an operation perfectly familiar to every military man, but the poet got hold of it, gave it the captivating label, 'The March to the Sea' and the unmilitary public made a romance out of it." The one to whom these remarks were made, however, echoes the universal sentiment when he says: "The glory of the great campaign was Sherman's and his army's; the joy of celebrating it was the poet's; the admiring memory of it is the people's."

It is with gratification that the people are now able to view the fine collection of minerals and specimens of natural history in the Deseret Museum. For many years this superb collection, which was begun by Hon. John W. Young more than twenty years ago, has been kept in a miserable place where it was impossible to exhibit even one half of its treasures. Now, the room secured in the Templeton hotel building is quite inadequate, but under the supervision of Dr. J. E. Talmage the specimens are being so classified that the display is very satisfactory, and the commencement is fairly made toward bringing the museum out. The Scientific and Literary Society—the present owners—have in contemplation the erection of a magnificent building on the old Council House corner, and when that is done, it will be found, if the present nucleus is carefully preserved and a judicious system of exchanges is kept up, that we will have a splendid museum to occupy it.

It is one of the functions of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations to collect specimens and maintain cabinets of curiosities in connection with their libraries. If this were carefully attended to, the exchanges that could be made by them with the Deseret Museum would naturally augment the value of each local cabinet and add greatly to the interest of the museum.

Prof. J. L. Barfoot, the late curator of the museum, was an enthusiastic advocate of these local collections, and proffered to make exchanges and assist the young men in charge of them, in properly classifying the specimens obtained. No doubt his present successor will take the same interest, and we sincerely hope that every encouragement will be given by the officers of the Associations to the scientific young men in the community who take pleasure in building up these miniature museums, and in contributing to the enlargement and interest of the central institution in Salt Lake City.

"Domestic Science" by Dr. J. E. Talmage is an illustrated handbook treating in a scientific way of the common things that the daily worker comes in contact with, and makes known to him the whys and wherefores of the physical phenomena about him in such a way as to answer the daily recurring question of his experience and add wonderfully thereby to his enjoyment of life. The book is the consistent successor to the First Book of Nature of the M. I. A. Reading Course, and should be owned and read by every reader who has perused the former.

THE WORLD OVER.

THE United States Senate is composed of two Senators from each State. They are chosen by the Legislatures for a term of six years. There are forty-four States in the Union, and the whole number of Senators is eighty-eight. At the organization of the body in 1789, its members were divided by lot into three classes. The seats of Senators of the first, second, and third classes were vacated at the end of the second, fourth, and sixth years respectively, so that one-third might be chosen every second year. This classification has been preserved, and thus of the present membership the seats of twenty-nine will be vacated in 1891, thirty in 1893, and twenty-nine in 1895; the terms ending at noon on March 4th. If vacancies occur during the adjournment of the Legislature of a State, the Governor appoints for the interval. The manner of electing Senators is as follows: Each house is required to vote *viva voce*, on the second Tuesday after the organization of the Legislature. On the next day the two houses are to meet jointly. Should it then appear that the same person has received a majority in each house, this fact is stated, and he is elected. Otherwise the joint meeting must take at least one *viva voce* vote each day, while the Legislature remains in session, until some person receives a majority of all the votes, a quorum of each house being

present. No person can be a Senator who has not reached the age of thirty years and been nine years a citizen of the United States. The salary of a Senator is five thousand dollars a year. The President of the Senate, who is also Vice-President of the United States, receives a salary of eight thousand dollars. The Senate meets annually on the first Monday in December. Its daily sessions begin at twelve o'clock.

The army of the United States consists of 2,167 commissioned officers, and a little over 20,000 private soldiers, exclusive of those performing civilian duties.

The chief religions of the world may be classified as follows: Christianity, 450,000,000; Confucianism, 390,000,000; Hindooism, 190,000,000; Mohammedanism, 18,000,000; Fetichism, 150,000,000; Buddhism, 100,000,000; Spirit Worship, 50,000,000; Shintoism, 22,000,000; Jew, 8,000,000; Parsees, 1,000,000. Total, 1,449,000,000. There are 1,200 different religious sects among the Christians.

London has 40,000 streets, and their collective length would reach over 32,000 miles.

The combined armies and navies of France, Germany, and Russia number 10,453,164 men, and cost \$525,761,200 annually.

There are now 7,000 millionaires in the United States, where, in 1860, there were only two.

The railroad capital of the world is estimated at \$29,000,000,000.

The biggest workshop in the world is said to be that of Herr Krupp, the famous gun-maker of Essen; in 1833 it employed nine workmen; in 1848, 74; in July, 1888, 20,960 men were employed, and the families of the workmen numbered 73,960 souls; of these 24,193 reside in dwellings provided by the firm.

The caustic Alphonse Karr, who died recently, on one occasion published a few

satirical verses upon a certain poetess, who, in revenge, watched for him in the street and stabbed him with a poinard; the wound was not dangerous, and the only revenge the satirist took was to suspend the dagger in his study, with the following inscription attached: "Presented by Madame ——— to Alphonse Karr—in the back."

The following quaint epitaph is found on a tombstone in a cemetery in England.

"Owen Moore was owin' more
Than Owen Moore could pay;
So owin' more caused Owen Moore
To up and run away."

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM C. STAINES.

I HEARD the first sermon on Mormonism preached by Geo. J. Adams, in September 1841. I was convinced that it was true, and was baptized in November following. I left England on the sailing ship *Swanton*, with a company of Saints in charge of Brother Lorenzo Snow. At this date there were no steamships crossing the ocean, prepared, as they are now, to carry emigrant passengers, with every facility for cooking and serving meals. At the time I crossed, our cooking was all done upon deck, upon two large iron grates, with iron bars in front to hang our pots and saucepans upon, each having a hook attached for that purpose.

[Several pages of Elder Staines' manuscript have been lost, and we are prevented from giving to our readers an interesting account of his voyage across the sea. Upon the lost pages he also wrote his impressions regarding American slavery; how, from his earliest recollection, he had heard exaggerated accounts of its cruelties, causing him to make sacrifices in helping to enlarge the fund being raised for emancipation. He thus continues, giving his personal observations of slavery, which we print in his own language.—Ed.]

I also had been informed that all slaves worked in chains upon rice and sugar plantations. I felt so bad

about it that I quit eating or using sugar when I was nine years old, for which my mother gave me twenty cents every week, which I put in a fund that was being raised in England to emancipate the slaves. Here, to my surprise, I found them driving fine mule teams, being trusted with cart loads of valuable merchandise, taking the same to all parts of the city and country, apparently equal to the white man (except in their being slaves and owned by some one). I found the same class of men working as porters in the stores. While getting some groceries in a large store, a gentleman came in for some bottled wine, and a negro was sent to the wareroom for it. That same day our company left on the large steamboat *Amaranth* and to my surprise I found four negroes and three white men employed as firemen. I soon learned that the colored men were slaves. I asked my informant where their master was, and he said he resided about fifty miles from New Orleans. I watched for an opportunity to speak with these colored men and the next morning, while they were at breakfast, I ventured to do so. Seeing some fishing tackle lying on deck near them, I commenced by asking what kind of fish they caught. Catfish, I was told. I had never heard of such a fish, and at first thought he was fooling

me, but he soon enlightened me on this point by telling me what kind of a fish this catfish was, as well as many other kinds that were in the river. While conversing about fish and fishing I was looking at the food they were eating, as regards its quantity and quality, compared with that the white men were eating on the other side of the boat from them, and found it to consist of good wheat and corn bread, beef steak, ham and eggs, potatoes with plenty of coffee and sugar, and from what I could see as good as that being eaten by the white men. I must confess this surprized me, and I regretted, for the first time, that I had quit eating sugar to save the money to free the negro from slavery, he having all the sugar he needed, and a better breakfast than any farm laborer in England could afford to eat. They informed me that they all belonged to one master who lived about fifty miles from New Orleans and he allowed them to work out, and gave them two-thirds of all they earned, which was twenty dollars, leaving eight dollars for themselves. They said they had a good master and did not want to leave him. This eight dollars per month with board was better wages than a man working on a farm in England could get at this time.

I soon learned that what I had been told about slaves must have been exaggerated, or if true had probably occurred to a few disobedient ones on the plantations where the sugar cane and cotton were raised; and those I became acquainted with were the other extreme, or at least better off than many of their fellows. I nevertheless was pleased to find a brighter side of the picture I had formed in my own mind from what I had been told about slavery when a boy.

I have said more here than I should have done — had not slavery been abolished in this country—that my young readers may know a little of what I saw and felt on this subject. I was as much deceived about the country as I was about the negroes and slavery. I found it much larger, and the rivers much longer and wider than I ever dreamed of; and although our company was very much

crowded for room on the boat, we had a very delightful trip. We found fruits, vegetables and eatables of all kinds in plenty and cheap: chickens, ten cents; eggs, ten cents per dozen; ham, ten cents per pound; sugar, nineteen pounds for one dollar; coffee, eleven pounds for one dollar. The weather was fine, with a full moon, and we enjoyed ourselves in the daytime viewing the beautiful scenery as we passed along; and in the evening we would sing the songs of Zion, which was pleasing to us and interesting to the Gentile passengers—a number of whom were in the cabin, while we were on the upper and lower decks of the boat.

At about 3 p. m. on the twelfth of April, we came in sight of the long looked-for city of Nauvoo, the home of the Prophet and the Saints, and soon to be ours. We traveled several miles in sight of the city before we reached the place for landing; and we could see very plainly the people running in our direction to meet us and give us a hearty welcome. I shall not attempt to describe our feelings to my readers for I should fail in such an attempt. Some cried with joy, others laughed and shouted while many prayed, thanking the Lord for his preserving care over us, and allowing us the privilege of reaching Zion in safety. At the time of landing several hundred had arrived at the pier, anxiously awaiting to shake their friends by the hands. Parents met their children, and friends met again their friends after years of absence. I, being alone, envied, for a moment, those who had relatives, but the thought soon passed away; for I, too, was a Latter-day Saint, and knew that as long as I remained one I would have all the friends I would need, and that the Lord would provide them for all who put their trust in Him.

In two hours all had landed, and those having friends had left with them, while others rented rooms or houses where they were made comfortable. That same evening Brother Parley P. Pratt's company arrived. This company left England in the fall before us, and was compelled to remain in St. Louis on account

of the Mississippi being frozen, on their arrival. We were all requested to meet on the Temple Block the next morning at ten o'clock, when the Prophet, Joseph Smith, would address us.

I got an early breakfast and left my lodgings for a walk through the city, and this was one of the happiest moments of my life. It was a beautiful spring morning. The grass was green, the trees were just in leaf, the cow herds were being driven from the city to the pastures, their bells tinkling as they trotted along, which was music to my ears, for everything to me looked and felt its best; even the dogs that passed me, when spoken to, seemed to give an extra wag of the tail to welcome me to this city.

I had only been a member of the Church a little over two years, but I had confidence in my leaders and my religion, for all I had been told by them had proven to be true. I had been informed by the first Elder I ever heard (Geo. J. Adams) that if I obeyed the Gospel and was faithful, I should have testimonies of the truth of what he preached. I obeyed, and soon had the testimony that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, and that the Gospel revealed by him was of God. These things caused me to leave my native land and gather to the city I was then in. I knew I was right in doing so, and for this I felt happy.

At ten o'clock the two companies of fresh arrivals, with a number of citizens, assembled in the Temple, the walls of which were about twenty feet high. I well recollect the blessing of the Prophet. After stating that he had been anticipating the pleasure of seeing us for a long time, and was thankful the Lord had answered his prayers in bringing us so far in safety, he said: "Blessed are they who have seen me and obeyed the Gospel; but more blessed are you who believed and obeyed without seeing me, and I bless you all in the name of Israel's God, and say you shall be blessed in your labors, and enjoy in due time all the blessings of the faithful; not only in the salvation of yourselves, but also your dead." These few words may be read

now with but little feeling, but it was with very different feelings we received them; for we all knew that the one who spoke was a Prophet of God, and had power to bless, being clothed upon with the Holy Priesthood. Knowing this, and hearing the above spoken by such a man, we felt it, and knew we were blessed by the Lord as well as by His prophet. He gave us a great deal of good advice concerning our future in settling and making ourselves comfortable in our new homes.

I soon became acquainted with a number of the Saints who had been in the Church for many years, some of whom had been driven from their homes several times, and were still wearing a black ribbon or a piece of crape as a badge of mourning for some dear one they had lost when being driven by mobs, or by traveling the wilderness in midwinter, when too poorly fed and clothed. While listening to these fearful tales, tears would freely flow down the cheeks of both speaker and hearer; for even at this date, which was over six years after these troubles had occurred, one or more in many families were suffering from the effects of leaving their homes in winter, to bed and board on the prairies. I could not help but admire these people for their integrity, and the faith they had in the cause they had espoused; for, notwithstanding the troubles and losses they had passed through, they continued strong in their faith, and were confident that the Lord would sustain His people and build up the kingdom upon the earth. I looked at them and thought: "What a lesson is here for me to learn! Have I so lived and learned the Gospel that I would pass through as much sorrow, suffer the losses, and be, after it all, so humble and faithful as they?" To me this was an important question and one I could not answer, only by being convinced or assured that if I could not, I would never be a good Saint. I left them with these reflections, and turned into a small grove near the Temple, where I knelt down and prayed to the Lord that he would so strengthen my faith that I might be prepared for all things that might await me: "Come life

or death, come poverty or riches, come evil or good report, come bonds or imprisonment, come all or part of these, O Lord give me faith and Thy Holy Spirit sufficient, that I may continue to serve

Thee and assist in building up Thy kingdom." I have not forgotten the spirit I enjoyed while offering up this prayer, and I felt that the Lord had heard my prayer and would answer it.

THE MUSICAL COMPETITION.

AS MALE singing clubs are now being fast organized in the associations in the North and South as well as in Salt Lake City, considerable anxiety is manifested to learn more about the coming competition—the rules, the selections to be sung, the judges, etc.

As at first stated in the prospectus, the rule that every member of the club competing must be a member of the ward or association which that club represents, will be strictly adhered to, and any club using outside aid will forfeit the prize. Any member of a ward is, of course, entitled to become a member of the association of the ward in which he resides, and no other, and hence may be a member of the competing club. The same holds good for the quartette and duet. There may, however, be any number of quartettes or duets from one ward.

A club competing for the first prize will not be permitted to also compete for the second or third prize; the quartette, duet and solos only being open to members of competing clubs, in addition to the one prize for which they compete.

It would be evidently unfair for a club of twenty-five, after competing, and perhaps winning the first prize, to select fifteen of their best men and continue the contest, to the injury of associations where only fifteen could be had, capable of singing. The same applies to members of the clubs contesting for the third prize with eight of their number—hence these restrictions.

As quartette singing is a separate branch from chorus singing, we leave them, as also duets, with only the restriction that they be members of one ward or association. Solos are open for competition to all association members.

PIECES FOR COMPETITION.—For prizes

one, two, three and four (all the chorus and quartette work) the pieces published in *THE CONTRIBUTOR* will be used. It is possible that one or two others will be added; if so they will be furnished to competing clubs free of charge in due time. The selection to be sung will be made known not before the day of competition. This will necessitate each club learning all the pieces well. The duet and solos will be named in our next number and can be purchased at either Coalter & Snelgrove's, or Calder's music stores, Salt Lake City.

The competition will take place, publicly, in the tabernacle during one night of the Y. M. M. I. A. Conference, in June next. Should there be more than five competitors for any one prize, a private competition for that prize will be had during the day, and only the best two or three will renew the contest at night. Three competent judges will be engaged to adjudicate; they will be placed where they can hear perfectly, but not see the competitors, who will be announced only by numbers, unknown to the judges.

Competitors have full freedom to engage such aid as they can secure (excepting these three judges) to help train and prepare them for the competition; but such aids—unless a member of the ward and association—must not conduct or take part at the competition. The choruses and quartettes will be sung without accompaniment. There will be a pianist engaged to accompany the duet and solos; but the competitors may choose their own accompanist if they so desire.

All parties competing will render their services during the Conference in any way desired by Brother Evan Stephens, who has the whole in charge. The names of clubs and competitors must be sent to

this office not later than May 1st, with a statement as to which number or prize they wish to compete for, that all may be arranged in proper order.

All competing clubs will join in one or

two selections at the close of the meeting. Parties desiring any further information may write to THE CONTRIBUTOR office, or to Evan Stephens, 831 E. 1st South St., Salt Lake City.

LIKE THE WOODLAND ROSES.

JOHN GUARD,

QUARTETTE.

FRANZ MAIR

Slow and simple.

1. Like the woodland roses fair, Gai - ly blos - som, gentle
2. Mod - est - ly the roses blow, Hedge and bush - y dell a -

maid-en, Ere with many a grief and care, Thy young heart is la -
dorn-ing, Knowing not what sweets they throw, On the breath of morn -

Soon will come the wintry day, Soon will come the wintry day;
So may'st thou thy joy im-part, So may'st thou thy joy im-part;

den, will come soon, soon wintry day. Bloom and
ing. may'st thou so, so joy im - part. Charm and

soon will come - - - -
so may'st thou - - - -

soon the wintry day.
so thy joy im - part.

blos-som in thy May, O blossom, blossom, blossom in thy May.
glad-den ev-'ry heart, So gladden, gladden, gladden ev - 'ry heart.



THE CONTRIBUTOR PREMIUMS,

VOLUME TWELVE.

Thirty-five Premiums, - - - - \$1200.00.

We shall give to the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Thirty-five Wards having the largest paid up subscription lists for THE CONTRIBUTOR, Volume Twelve, on June 1st, 1891, the following Cash premiums:

To the Ward with the largest list,	\$250.00
“ “ “ next “ “	100.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	100.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	50.00
“ “ “ “ “ “	50.00
“ Ten Wards “ “ “ lists,	25.00 each
“ Twenty “ “ “ “ “	20.00 “

Last year the Association winning the first premium had 113 subscribers; the one winning the last had 32 subscribers. But twenty premiums were distributed. Any Association sending Thirty paid-up subscriptions, this year, may hope to win a premium. Now is the time to canvass. Prospectus and instructions to M. I. A. officers and agents sent on application.

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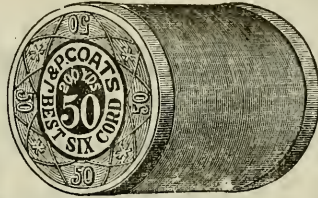
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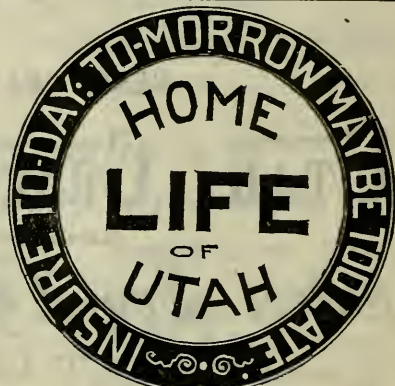
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